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MEMORIES,  
COUNSELS, AND REFLECTIONS. c

BY AN OCTOGENARY.

By Huntington

ADDRESSED TO HIS CHILDREN AND DESCENDANTS,  
AND PRINTED FOR THEIR USE.

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"The father to the children shall make known thy truth." — Is. xxxviii. 19.

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CAMBRIDGE:  
METCALF AND COMPANY,

PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

1857.

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## ERRATA.

Page 3, *for* ELIZABETH P. SESSIONS, *read* ELIZABETH HUNTINGTON SESSIONS.

“ ~~54~~, line 6, *for* Rollins, *read* Collins.

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## SERMON FIRST.

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HADLEY, October 11, 1857.

MY DEAR CHILDREN : —

The history of what I have here to say is briefly this. Some of your number sent me a nice portfolio, with paper in one of the pockets, designed as a birthday present. What I wrote upon that paper I intended for them and theirs, as a birthday present in return.

It was a sermon which I intended to have ready for them October 11, 1854. During that period, I found that the date would be the beginning, and not the close, of my eightieth year, as I intended it should be, and that a more appropriate discourse for the occasion might be provided, with a different date, and from another text.

The text which I have now selected is, "I am this day fourscore years old," — the words of BARZILLAI to DAVID, 2 Samuel xix. 35.

What I have to say from the passage is sermon-wise, though it is many years since I have written a

sermon entire ; and it is leading me, I perceive, to be somewhat egotistical. It is necessarily so. The first word of the text, being the first person of the personal pronoun, gives a personal interest in what follows. Appropriating to myself the words of the text, therefore, much of what I have to say from it is unavoidably autobiography. This may seem to require an apology. If what I shall write is unworthy of the notice of my children, it is vainglory. If old age is, however, a blessing, there must be many things, in the probation of an octogenary having lived as he ought, worthy the attention of those who are following on. His experience places him on an elevation favorable to reflection and observation. You will excuse me, then, if I repeat the text: "I am this day fourscore years old."

It is a great age, we are ready to say ; but many live to a still greater. "I am fourscore": my father lived till he was fourscore and four: his father lived till he was fourscore and fourteen. Of the six children of my father's family, three were living when I began this sermon, of whom I am the youngest. Their average age was eighty-four ; the total was two hundred and fifty-two. The ages of these and other relatives, living at the same time, contemporary with and including myself and my children, and their parents by marriage, are seventeen hundred and seventy-six years. Whether their and our number be greater or less, our lives longer or shorter, be it the great truth ever to be realized, that our responsibilities are according to our privileges, and that of those to whom much is given, much must be required.



As to family relations, further extended, within my personal knowledge, I find myself on the dividing point of two extremes; my grandfather, Deacon SAMUEL HUNTINGTON, in the retrospective, and a great-granddaughter, ELIZABETH R.<sup>\*</sup> SESSIONS, in the prospective. My grandfather was ninety-four years old when he died, and eighty-four when I was born, living, of course, ten years after my birth. Being myself born 1774, he must have been born 1690. If the length of time between his birth and his grandfather's had been the same, that grandfather of his would have been ten years old at the time of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, 1620. If the great-grandchild, spoken of in the other extreme, should live as long as I have, she might be able to say then, as I do now, "I am this day fourscore years old," and might be able, with the telescope here presented her, to go back very directly to the first settlement of New England, with innumerable intervening and interesting events, some of more, others of less importance, embracing a lapse of time between us of one hundred and sixty years.

If the population of our country, at the time of my birth, was three millions, and is now ten times that number, which is not far from the truth, when ELIZABETH P. SESSIONS becomes an octogenary, if she ever does, by the same ratio of increase the number of inhabitants will be three hundred millions. This, though in part hypothetical, is not entirely visionary.

To come now to the positive, I repeat the text: "I am this day," October 11th, 1855, "fourscore years

*\* Huntington*

old." A long life indeed ; and yet, in the words of another, —

“ How short it seems  
Since I was but a sportive child,  
Enjoying childish dreams.”

“ O, I am glad I’m growing old ;  
For every day I spend  
Shall bring me one day nearer that  
Bright day that has no end.”

A long life ; and the text now calls us to a brief review.

The first event of my life, with which, of course, I have been made acquainted by others, was my dedication in baptism, under the ministry of the venerable SOLOMON WILLIAMS, D.D., in Lebanon, Connecticut, for which ordinance I have ever entertained the highest reverence.

Nearly contemporary with my birthday was the commencement of the political existence of my country. I was born in the reign of George III., King of England, and continued a year or two, if not a quiet, doubtless a loyal subject.

The cause of the Revolution I need not dwell upon. The Colonies had long considered themselves an oppressed and injured people. They remonstrated in vain for a redress of their wrongs. Not finding it, they erected their standard for Independence and Liberty, July 4th, 1776. Under the smiles of a propitious Providence, they found what they sought. They did not rise, like the fabled Phoenix, from their own ashes, nor were they the decayed branches from

a feeble stock ; but more like the mistletoe, with its flourishing boughs, and *designed to thrive upon its intrinsic vigor*. From that time to the present, the government of the people of the United States has been a government of their own framing, under the auspices of Liberty and Law. It was considered, from its origin, an experiment, and has hitherto been thought admirably successful.

A race of Nature's noblemen, in Church and State, was raised up apparently for the work in review before us ; a constellation of genius and moral worth and weight of character, such as has seldom been seen, before or since, in this or any other country. I remember many of the number well. Governor TRUMBULL, of Connecticut, — Brother Jonathan, the original of the Yankee sobriquet, — the confidential friend and counsellor of Washington, was one of them, a venerable townsman, whose presence I shall never forget. Nor shall I ever forget the sobs and sighs and tears of my school-fellows, at the old brick school on the green in Lebanon, at the ringing of the alarm bell summoning the fathers and the brothers of those at school to the burning of New London by *the Regulars*, about twenty miles distant. My father, with the company of militia which he commanded at that time, was among the number ; and while he was absent, we saw at home the smoke of the conflagration, not knowing but he and they were among the wounded and the dying.

This was but one of the notable scenes enacted on the stage of the fourscore years of the text. Such

were the common events of the country. I was born in the midst of its bloodshed and battles; and I know not if I thought it would ever be otherwise. Carnage and slaughter made the common news of the day. The first questions among neighbors, as they met in the streets and in each other's houses, were, "What news from head-quarters? Has there been fighting of late? How many were killed? Who were they? On which side was the victory?" Such was the dreadful routine from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year. At length came the tidings of peace. Peace, peace! was the jubilee, from the highways and house-tops and firesides, from Province to Province through the land. Roused from a comfortable nap in the chimney-corner to partake in the general joy, not knowing what it all meant, I sought relief, as soon as possible, by returning to the quietude in which the uproar found me.

From this time we began to enjoy the blessings of the independence not yet achieved. And oh! how great the change! It was felt in every bosom, and every department of life.

Having accomplished the work assigned, the army was disbanded, and its soldiers returned to their homes, not laden with the spoils of victory, but elated with hope, and not the less heartily welcomed by the benedictions of their friends. How much they were venerated as heroes, — almost as much as a higher race of beings, — was shown by the boy who had heard that General WASHINGTON was to pass that way, and went out to meet him, as he supposed, at



the head of his army. Instead of that, he met a man alone, on horseback, of whom he inquired if General WASHINGTON was coming. The General replied, "*I am the man.*" In astonishment, the boy, not knowing what to do or say, pulled off his hat, and with great violence threw it at the feet of the horse, running back at the same time, at full speed, and crying at the top of his voice, "*God Almighty bless your Majesty!*"

But what is to be done? The war is over. The work, after a ten years' conflict, is accomplished; but at a great sacrifice of blood and treasure. The soldier is at home again, and with his family around him; but covered with scars and wounds, half starved and half naked, without cash or credit: no loan office, and no bank. He has *soldiers' notes*, but who wants them? The country is rich in its victory; flush in its paper; but poor in purse. The derangement of all regular business, the depreciation of continental currency, and the prostration of trade, make "hard times."

But, the fire of patriotism burning in their bosoms, the virtues and intellectual resources of those who fought their battles and guided their counsels still continued; and, with here and there a few to animate them by their presence, enterprise is again awakened in every department of life. The ploughman is in the field, the artisan in his office, the manufacturer at his workshop, and the hands of the wife and daughter are at the distaff and the spindle. The immediate wants of the laborer are again provided for. The

question, What is to be done? then, need no more be asked. What has taken place within the range of our observation, during the fourscore years just passed, is now *history*, read and taught in our primary schools and colleges. The mystery is unfolded. General enterprise is on the wing. The miracle is wrought. We were "cast down, not destroyed." The wheels of industry and art are again rolling in prosperity and independence. A new epoch has commenced. We have a constitution and a government of our own. "*I am this day fourscore years old,*" and, by the good-will of our God, have seen our beloved country rising from oppression and poverty to high distinction among the nations, with peace in our borders, and plenty in our habitations. "*Happy art thou, O Israel! Who is like unto thee, O people? saved of the Lord, the shield of thy help, and the sword of thy excellency.*" And happy may it be for us if the plague-spots that remain of *violence and wrong*, of *sensuality and sin*, of *oppression and misery*, may be wiped from our skirts. Not only in military prowess and in political skill has God shown himself merciful in our day, but more abundantly in the arts and sciences that adorn and advance civilized society.

The light which our ancestors had brought with them had continued to shine, and gradually increased; but during our Revolutionary troubles, O how obscured! We had our poets and our painters, our statuaries and architects, our philosophers and professors, those distinguished in the learned professions, those who were eminent in their day in our courts of

justice, and in the halls of legislation; but our common-school education was at a low ebb. Our colleges and academies were in their infancy; their endowments were small; their attainments and their standards were equally low. There was a reason for it. The attention of our young men of promise was attracted more immediately to the necessities of their country, in the defence of their rights. This, and the want of means for a more liberal course, would naturally show itself in its effects upon our *literary institutions*, of every grade. They felt it, severely, for a time. With the healing influence of peace and prosperity, under the watchful patronage of the good and the great who survived the Revolutionary struggle, however, they soon revived, and have hitherto continued to flourish.

In the hands of such men, it was impossible that the great concerns of society should be lost sight of. The all-absorbing concern had been to obtain their rights, which, as we have seen, was now accomplished. Others soon came forward, co-workers with the fathers. Genius, taste, learning, piety, and patriotism had now ample scope for development. The work was the Lord's, and, though marvellous in our eyes, it must be accomplished. Looking at the characters brought forward for it, just at the time they were wanted, it is no more wonderful, though all great. Immured, as they had been, in their offices, within the walls of science, in their professional enclosures, in their shops and fields, the TRUMBULLS, the ADAMSES, the WOLCOTTS, the PARSONSES, the REEVES, the OTISES, the ELLSWORTHS,

the DAVENPORTS, and the PICKERINGS, among the civilians; the BELLAMYS, the EDWARDSSES, the DWIGHTS, the GOODRICHES, the LATHROPS, and BACKUSES, and STRONGS, and EMMONSES, among the Doctors of Divinity; FRANKLIN, FULTON, RITTENHOUSE, and others without number, naturalists and ingenious inventors, — now step forth from their retirement to the respective fields of action to which they were before ordained; — wonderful men and women, by whom the laws of their country have been explained and enforced; by whom the sanctions and the claims of Sinai and Calvary have been set forth in their solemnity; by whom time and space have been comparatively annihilated, on the land and on the ocean, by the application of steam, and magnetism, and electricity to the arts of life; by whose skilful and active powers the world has been both astonished and gladdened. Thus the dark places of the land, which, since I remember, were full of the habitations of cruelty, have been converted into fruitful fields; the desert and the swamp, the haunt of savage beasts and more savage man, have become, as by enchantment, flourishing cities; and the wilderness has been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

In the assistance afforded in the scientific preparation of the compost-heap, by the knowledge obtained from the help of chemical affinities, by the importation of guano, as well as in labor-saving machines of every sort, the accomplished husbandman is permitted to comfort himself with *cent per cent* profit, in many branches of tillage, and thus be rid of the mor-



tification of so often repeating, as he has been known to do, *Whatever besides may be said of farming, it is no money-making business.* So our merchant princes have come to know the benefits of steam. Like the “swift messengers” of the prophet, not in their “vessels of bulrushes,” but in iron steamboats, they go in all directions to distant ports, and in a few days return, unobserved, richly laden with treasures, a luxury to themselves and to those with whom they traffic.

Indeed, the effect of our Revolution is everywhere felt. It is apparent in the gleamings of light and liberty in the Old World, even in the dominions of the Roman Pontiff. Usurpation and tyranny, in some places, and in some degree, have lost their power. The Bastile is uprooted, and the Inquisition is shorn of its terrors. The great doctrine and discipline of the Reformation, *the sufficiency of the Scriptures, and the right of private judgment*, have been, and are now, extensively felt as they never were before. Great moral principles have been broached and discussed,—regardless of a corrupt conservatism, in respect to intemperance, slavery, war, and general licentiousness,—which, in this and other lands, are in a fair way to accomplish a desired reform. Those who glory in the cross of Christ are not ashamed nor afraid to avow it.

The attention of our youths, at home in our large towns, attracted by the help of well-selected libraries, associations, and lectures, lyceums, healthy recreations and amusements, and reading-rooms with their magazines, the society of the good and virtuous, is to be regarded with admiration and transport.

The same may be said of the charities, and hospitals, and asylums for the unfortunate and the friendless, the mutes, the deranged, the diseased, the destitute, the helpless old men, and women, and children, almost without number. Add to these the generous contributions for the support of Bible societies, missionary societies, and tract societies, from which it might seem that the *Angel having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people*, had actually begun his flight, and that a second Pentecost must be near at hand. Who knows, but some among my children may live to see it, and to have a part in it? If not, our hearts have been warmed and elevated with the prospect.

I have, just for my own amusement, been writing the venerable names of some of the old divines contemporary with him who sprinkled me with the baptismal water, together with those who were contemporary with myself, at the time of my ordination; Connecticut ministers, most of whom were either relatives or associates, whom I often entertained at my own table, and who were each to the other both the guest and the host; all, so far as I recollect, men highly respected and useful in their stations, such as have not often been seen together, within the same limited time and space, the writing and audible repeating of whose names has been a brief but a fresh memorial of their virtues, enkindling emotions not very unlike a hearty shake of the hand; a prelibation, it may be, of what will be more fully realized

hereafter, if we are so happy as to meet again, in the more immediate and joyful presence of Him whom we profess to have served in the present life —

“A cloud of witnesses that point to bliss.”

There were other ministers who were on the stage of action with me in Connecticut, between three and four hundred in the whole, whom I always met pleasantly, on public occasions and in private circles, most of whom are now gone, whose names and characters are still as “ointment poured forth.” At the Commencement in New Haven, three years since, I could not learn that there were more than half a dozen ministers in the churches in Connecticut where I had left them thirty years before, if then living. May the names of those who have gone on to glory be still a light to the churches where they have labored, and the presence of those that remain a treasure long to be enjoyed!

Few things are more interesting than the recollection of days bygone, and of those eminent personages who, having fulfilled their important destiny, have passed from the earth, and gone on to their reward. The places that knew them shall know them no more. How sadly, how silently, yet how instructively, one after another, they pass away from the memories of men! It is, therefore, much as another has well observed, not less a melancholy pleasure than a solemn duty, for those that are left, to arrest their progress to oblivion, and to preserve for future ages, not only the remembrance of their names, but the lustre of

their virtues. My prayer is, that the great length of years which God has given me to become more or less acquainted with many such distinguished characters, may not be wholly in vain.

We ought to be reminded, also, by our subject, that *a life protracted* to fourscore years, properly improved, is calculated to *wean us from the world*, and to lead us more intensely to contemplate with delight the Higher Life, on which, if prepared, we are so soon to enter. This, at least, has been my experience. In youth, death was to me the king of terrors. It is so, proverbially, I believe, to many. The good hope of the Gospel does not always afford relief. It too often seems to be otherwise. The "dark valley of the shadow of death," and the "gloomy confinement of the grave," are images used in presenting it to the youthful mind, and others that make it revolting, and still more so, as we know it to be nearly approaching. We are well acquainted with this world, and, through habit and heedlessness and a lack of faith, become loth to exchange it for one unseen. For this there is a remedy provided in reason, as well as in revelation, in which, in accordance with my own experience, the philosophy of the age, and the good hope of the Gospel, are rather in advance of former years.

When our work is done in the world, it is our privilege to leave it. The change herein to be undergone is solemn. Among the multitudes who have tried it, in its inconceivably varied forms, not one of our race has returned to inform us what it is. What we learn, we must know personally. And of that we are not



left in ignorance. There is nothing in it that is frightful, of course. It is all in good hands, and wisely ordered. If others choose to dwell upon "the pains," be it mine to know "the bliss," of dying. In a late publication I have seen, it is ably advocated, that sleeping and waking are, and *are designed to be*, daily and stated pleasant and profitable monitions of death and the resurrection. In the Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, it is thus written: "I protest by the rejoicing I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily." In whatever sense he meant it, the words state a fact, and they will as well apply to other Christians as to the Apostle. At any rate, sleep is a very striking emblem of death. In sleep, ratiocination, perception, judgment, imagination, locomotion, the voice, sensation, consciousness, and memory, are, at times, entirely suspended, — the three latter as much so as in death; and if death should thus ensue, how delightful! The wearied body has quietly retired to its rest, and has found it. The soul is abroad in the "Better Land." When the whole conscious being is thus enfolded in repose, apparently as much so as in death, if death should prove to be the event, it never would be known at the time by the observer, nor in the experience of the subject till realized by him in the resurrection body, in the future state; in other words, *in the development of the higher life*. Thus death, to the believer, is "great gain." How merciful! thus unexpectedly to be relieved from anxiety and anguish! Thus we die easily; we die often; we die every day, to rise again. We die at last to rise again, and sleep

no more. Thus to die, is gain to us, in proportion to the period of our probation, or as we have opportunity of proving its reality by the length of its continuance. Rightly improved, fresh hopes are inspired. Tottering on the brink of the grave, we are cheered with the life and immortality thus illustrated, till "clothed upon with our house which is from heaven," until "death is swallowed up in victory." Is it possible that any can live and die in insensibility, under such oft-repeated, instructive, and consoling suggestions? May we not hope, rather, that to the greater number it is heaven already begun? What an argument, this, for our being contented to live out our appointed time!

But what do we read in connection with this? Not, indeed, that the fourscore years always secure the blessing. "*The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow.*" It is so indeed sometimes to the libertine, and sometimes to the virtuous, showing us that it is not ours at any time to sit as self-appointed censors, either of ourselves or of our fellows. The labor and sorrow that are sometimes the attendants of old age are no evidence of the displeasure of Him who appoints them. It is good for us all to know the advantages of discipline. The last years of the octogenary may be so sanctified by discipline and reflection, as to "yield to him the peaceable fruits of righteousness" more abundantly, and become to him habitually the "light that shineth brighter and brighter to the per-

fect day." It is thus, that in the Bible old age is described as one of the richest rewards of virtue. "Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings: and the years of thy life shall be many. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her."

Taking leave in early life of an aged and reverend father, with whom I had just enjoyed a pleasant interview, without rising from his seat he gave me his hand, excusing himself, saying, "Feeble and helpless as we old folks are, I suppose we appear to you very miserable; but I tell you, my friend, old age has its comforts, and our Heavenly Father lets us down into the grave much more easily than you, who are in the midst of life, imagine." And so I have found it, and am thankful that my life is spared to fourscore years, to add from my own experience my testimony to the truth of what the venerable old gentleman said: "*Old age has its comforts.*" If at another time he had said, "*Old age has its trials,*" I might have said the same, and both might have spoken the truth, and might have added, "Our trials, rightly improved, *become our comforts.*" "If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many." Our days of darkness, labor, and sorrow may be days of light, of rest and rejoicing, according to our improvement of them, and so *vice versa*. The secret of living rightly is to see the hand of God in everything, and to glorify him in the day of his visitation.

In what I have been saying of old age, I have dwelt rather on the "sunny side"; it has also its "shady side." Every period of life has its enjoyments. While "some affect the sun, and some the shade," all may find their appropriate results in humble submission, living to the Lord, and filling up life with duty and usefulness.

I am about through with what I had purposed to say from my text, which I will again repeat. "This day I am fourscore years old." It contains no doctrine. It is an isolated and egotistical fact, suggestive of relations and events, however, personal and social, civil and religious, on the whole constituting an era interesting to us all, of which I have now given you some of the outlines.

We have been together to-day, my dear children, looking at some of the events and relations of a pilgrimage of eighty years. Permit me, as we are here about to separate, to turn your attention for a moment to a *family monument*, near the gate-way of the burying ground in Hadley, having on its plinth the name of "Huntington," and on its shaft the word *Excelsior*. The shaft and the inscription, both pointing upwards, show us where we may always look in confidence, both in trouble and in joy. Our earthly tendencies we have all found are too often *downward*. Bad examples entice and lead us astray. Unavailing efforts discourage us. Delusion and seduction in their thousand forms, entering through the evil heart of unbelief, drag us by their deadly weight to grovel in the dust. What shall we do? These bodies of



sin and death and darkness confine and crowd out the higher life. What can deliver us from these overpowering lets and hinderances? You have it on the *memento* here before you,—EXCELSIOR. It is in a single word. You may advantageously carry it with you, wherever you go. You remember how it animated the aspirations of the youth, in a popular ballad of the day, enabling him to outbrave the tempest, the torrent, and the avalanche, in his ardent desire to rise above the world. Who knows but the same device on the escutcheon of thousands of other youths, at their outset in life, may have animated them in their resolutions and efforts to sustain their infirmities, and accomplish their object; and that, if it is duly observed, you may become partakers in their joys?

Here, then, in the midst of the silent mansions of the dead, where everything around us inspires solemnity, we will once more, as we part, turn our eyes both upon the *monition* and *consolation* of our motto, *Excelsior*,—Upward! “upward and onward,” and in happy affinity with a memento of higher authority, and which, I hope, we have every day before us, in our hands and in our hearts,—“*Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth,*” enforced by the consideration, that “*the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.*”

“Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,

Thy better portion trace!

Rise from transitory things

Towards heaven, thy native place!”

*Towards heaven, thy native place!* There God is, and the throne of his grace. There Christ is, with open arms, ready to receive every returning sinner: the *Resurrection* and the *Life*, the *Light* and *Joy* of every true believer. There look and listen, and find the *rest*, the *peace*, and *glory*, that we seek in vain here below.

“ Ever upward let us move,  
Wafted on the wings of love,  
Looking when our Lord shall come,  
Longing for our heavenly home.”

## SERMON SECOND.

---

COME WITH ME FROM LEBANON, MY SPOUSE, WITH ME FROM LEBANON: LOOK FROM THE TOP OF AMANA, FROM THE TOP OF SHENIR AND HERMON, FROM THE LIONS' DENS, FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF THE LEOPARDS.— Song of Solomon, iv. 8.

MY text, from a passage containing the name of a town familiar to me as the place of my birth and early education, naturally reminds me of that part of my own experience there, in childhood and youth, in relation to which I would address those who are coming after me on to the stage of life.

The lofty cedars of Lebanon, the enchanting scenery of Amana, Shenir, and Hermon, the lair of the lion and the leopard, — such figuratively may be the language of the Great Head of the Church, cautioning us of the dangers and difficulties, of the snares and temptations, of the blandishments and trials, that arrest us in the period of our probation. Here, at ease, wandering inconsiderately among the mountains and the valleys around us, we are in danger of being led astray and lost, all our high hopes and

prospects notwithstanding. A voice reaches us to-day from Him who is rich in mercy, to all who will listen and obey. "Renouncing the world, with its delusions and vanities, look unto me and be saved, all ye ends of the earth." "My son and my daughter, give me thine heart." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Or, in the words of the text, "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon." For "my spouse," read "my children," and the invitation here given adapts itself as well to me and my family, as to Solomon and those to whom it was originally sent. As the stated pastor of two churches, and in the labors of an evangelist, I have addressed more than fifty religious societies. So far as these services may have been of spiritual benefit to any, I love to think of those that received them as children, in the faith and fellowship of the Gospel. We are here, my children, in "the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life": these are prominent among our spiritual enemies, described in the New Testament, from which we are to turn away with disgust. They are the same in the Old Testament, under different images and illustrations. Thus Lebanon, in the text, alluded to as among the loftiest heights of the surrounding country, becomes a fit type of the loftiness of pride, that most odious and easily besetting sin. Consider a moment what pride is, my children. It is all along, in the Bible, spoken of as that which exalteth itself "above all that is called God." It was the sin by which the angels

fell. It drove our first parents from their paradise of bliss, and to the present time makes those of their descendants who yield to its dictates what, in the word of God, they are described to be, "hateful and hating one another." By common consent, it is an odious inmate in the human heart, in the sight of God and man. I will quote you a few passages, as a specimen of what is said of it, in the word of God. "The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one that is lofty and proud, and every one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low: and upon all the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up. The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of man shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted." "A high look and a proud heart is sin." "Him that hath a proud heart will I not suffer." "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." O how often do we find ourselves inflated with that temper, which influences us to look down with indifference, at least, upon the repentance, submission, and humility of the Gospel! There are other forms of pride, almost innumerable, which, if less manifest, are not less odious. We see it in the importance assumed by supposed talents and attainments, whatever they may be. In one, it is intellectual strength, in another physical, in another moral. One is proud of his person; another, of his mind; another, of his dress; another, of his riches; another, of his home; another, of his family; another, of his equipage; and another, strange as it may seem, is proud of his religion,



Whatever may be its developments, its hateful cognates are the pride of opinion, the pride of education, fame, office, denomination, — embracing creeds, forms, ceremonies; stirring up the sediment of the human heart; engendering a spirit of sectarian acerbity, altogether hostile to that spirit of love which is the bond of perfectness; involving the violation of individual and social rights and compacts; enduring oppressions, relentless persecutions, and bloody wars. All this we know; but still our hearts, O how inflated with evil passions! And in how many instances do they remain wholly unmoved! We hear the inviting voice from above, and often with fixed attention and apparent tenderness; and all this notwithstanding, we dismiss the subject, and with a “Go thy way for this time,” we succeed in getting rid of it. “We are gods,” is the language of our hearts. “We will come no more unto Thee.” “Who are we, that we should stoop to the cross of the despised Nazarene?” “Who are we, that we should be numbered as brethren with those so far beneath us in life?” “Who are we, that we should be preached to and admonished upon these subjects?” “Leave us to ourselves.” “We are safe enough.” “When we want advice, we will ask it.” Thus exposed are we often found, when we begin to reflect and realize our destitution and danger, living “without God and without Christ in the world,” and strangers to the good hope of the Gospel.

What I would impress upon the minds of those who thus feel and thus speak is, that it is pride that

thus keeps them ashamed of the cross, and thus in bondage to sin. From all these proud heights of Lebanon, my young friends, we are called upon to rise and come away. "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon."

Not only from the proud heights of Lebanon are we invited to come down, but to look away from the pleasant tops of Amana. Both the pride and the pleasures of the world are to be renounced. They are both, in one view of them, our enemies. In the view we have taken of pride, it is odious entirely and without mitigation. At the same time, there is something we often meet with in life so extremely resembling it that both are taken for one and the same thing. It is the eye of God that discerns the difference, and to those who look to Him, light will arise out of darkness. No one need be mistaken. So, in the profusion of the blessings that surround us, there is danger lest the heart be lifted up, and led away, by innumerable enchantments; and that thus the great work of life should be forgotten. Hence the necessity of searching the heart with all diligence, that we may know, and that others may know, "what manner of spirit we are of."

Having thus seen some of the dangers to which we are exposed, taught us by the proud cedars of Lebanon, we are prepared to consider what may be represented by the delights of Amana. "Look from the top of Amana."

When reading and speaking of "the world," we

are to do it with suitable discrimination. Thus we come to consider it both our enemy and our friend, as, on the whole, we choose to have it. When we contemplate it as to be renounced and forsaken, we consider it our enemy. In this we judge for ourselves, and take the responsibility.

We will bring into view, then, a few thoughts, that show us when the world is our friend. It is God's world, — this that we see around us. It is just what he designed it to be. It is exactly adapted to our condition, as moral agents and immortal beings. It is a world of life and light and liberty and blessedness. Over our heads, in the heavens, the greater light he gives to rule the day; the lesser light to rule the night; and the stars to extend our thoughts to the immensity that awaits us beyond.

For us are “the chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the lasting hills; the pastures clothed with flocks, and the valleys covered over with corn; rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons”; and, above all, the good-will of Him whose hand is in all these manifestations of his love, showing us that this world of his was not designed to be our enemy. Add to these, the means of improvement which we enjoy in social life; our civil and religious privileges; our hopes and our fears; our joys and our sorrows; our pleasures and our pains; our prosperity and our adversities; the pleasures of home; the endearing realities of life; the enjoyment of friends; society, — the society of rational, immortal minds; the material world, this beautiful



world of ours, not in the uppermost room of the heart, but under our feet, — what is it but the very image of heaven? It is all our hearts can desire. It is heaven already begun. I say it is a good world, and if you will take the word of God for it, you may enjoy it. “Using the world as not abusing it,” its honors, its profits, its pleasures, its recreations, its labors, are all yours, and may become conducive to the health and happiness of both body and soul, for time and eternity. To the *Christian world* it is proclaimed, again and again, “All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours”; you may enjoy it.

Many of the things here mentioned, notwithstanding, are confessedly enemies. They become so by our inattention and indifference; in other words, by our abuse of them. Contradictory as this, at first view, may seem, it is all intelligible to the ingenuous mind and the careful reader. Paul and Apollos and Cephas were able, eloquent, and faithful men, in their stations, and in their endeavors to convince the world of the evil of sin; of the necessity of holiness; and of the awards of the judgment of the great day: but if their hearers persisted in turning the deaf ear, the blind eye, and the hard heart, and died, at last, in impenitence and pride, they, and those who labored in vain with them, for the spiritual good of such hearers, will appear as swift witnesses against them. We, my children, have our Paul and our Apollos and our Cephas; we have our privileges and responsibil-

ities; we have life and death set before us, and we might choose for ourselves.

Life and death are words of high import in the Bible. The life of the body is a boon, highly prized by all; but the life of the soul, the higher life! What doth it profit a man, though he gain the whole world for the enjoyment of the body? The one thing needful lacking, things present and things to come all amount to nothing, in the great concern of the soul's salvation.

Death is sometimes ranked among our enemies, in the Bible: at the same time it is our best friend. If it is our enemy, it may be a conquered enemy. It not only does no harm to the believer; it is to him great gain. By means of it, he is introduced to a higher happiness, to an immortality of unspeakable bliss.

Our passions and appetites, improperly indulged, are degrading and ruinous; but in the sphere of action here allotted us, we could not do without them.

Our sleep, and other indulgences, are refreshing and are conducive to health and usefulness: too far indulged, they imbrute the faculties, and ruin the soul. I ask your particular attention to this subject, my young friends, because, when the world has been spoken of from the pulpit, it has too often been spoken of and thought of *only* as our enemy. Many have been so puzzled and blinded by this language, as to be tempted to fold their hands in despair, and to sink into inactivity and indolence. Everything like amusement and recreation has been considered wrong of course.

I am loth thus to leave the subject. I am free to say, and I am glad to have the opportunity to say, that children and youth must have their amusements. So far from its being the truth, that there are no lawful amusements, it appears to me that the kind Author of our Being has provided, mercifully provided them, not only for children and youth, but for all ages and conditions of men. The common and necessary business of life has its amusements closely attached to it. It is wisely ordered, as a part of our probation, that it should be so.

The husbandman, upon his farm; the mechanic, in his shop; the merchant, in the exchange of his commodities; — all these, both at home and abroad, in providing for themselves and their families “things honest in the sight of all men,” find abundant amusement. Professional men find an elevated satisfaction in doing good to the souls and bodies of men. The artist, in the finish of the chisel, the palette, and the lath, is rapt from hour to hour, and from month to month. The mathematician is not less so. The man of science, in the concatenations of his comparisons and proofs to bring out the results of his problem, in his investigations in geology and chemistry, in the magic of electricity and magnetism, in the profound calculations of natural philosophy and astronomy, has sublime satisfaction. The poet finds his amusement in reducing the creations of imagination to the chime and measure of verse. The man of leisure and wealth, in the midst of life, finds his amusement in books

and business at home ; or, abroad, in travel ; in the bracing atmosphere of the mountains, in partaking of the exhilarating draught of the crystal fountain. Others, with more limited means, have high enjoyment in visiting those they love, and in receiving their visits, in return. Thus all, in advanced life, are provided with amusements, in their different employments, which are not only innocent but useful. I am thankful, I hope, that to a still more advanced period my life is spared, to testify from my own experience, that old age has its comforts in this way. Peculiar comforts have their mission *for others* ; why not for those in the morning of life ? Why should there not be an appropriate provision, from the same kind hand, for the enjoyment of our children and youth, in the way they so highly relish, and for which they seem to be formed, and which are so conducive to the health, both of the body and the soul ? Their employments, for the present, are for the most part in the family, at school, and apprenticeships, which, though not professedly utilitarian, are pursued with reference to future usefulness. Is it not right, then, that in their seasons of leisure they should be indulged in recreations provided for them by their Maker ; and which have been so generally and cordially allowed them, by their guardians and their parents ? Why may not that which is lacking in the *utile*, be made up in the *dulce* ? in the calisthenics and gymnastics of the school and the play-grounds ?

In renouncing the guilty pleasures of the world,



we must not forget that the language of the Bible on the subject is decided, — of deep and solemn import. To be understood, it must be read and prayerfully pondered. We have seen how the world is our friend. We are now to see how it becomes our enemy. As God gives it to us to enjoy, it is the former. As we abuse and pervert it by the wrong use of it, it is the latter.

“The friendship of the world is enmity with God.” This explains the whole difficulty, as to any apparent contradiction. It is an idolatrous affection to the world that makes it our enemy. When the amenities of the world become our idols, they then become a snare.

With the aged, and those in the midst of life, gold is more commonly the idol. Pleasure, in its thousand forms, is more commonly the seducer of those in the morning of life. To this become subservient the intoxicating glass, unnatural stimulants, foolish thoughts, the offspring of gay and jovial hearts, idle words which have commonly neither wit nor common sense to recommend them, cruel sports, and games of chance, — in which time and treasure are both hazarded and misspent, — evil surmisings, falsehood, sloth, the indulgence of foolish and hurtful lusts; all combining, by habit, to make us insensibly the willing captives of the destroyer, and, if persisted in, drowning the soul in perdition. From these we are called upon to turn away. Turn away we must, either from Christ or an ensnaring world. We cannot love supremely both God and Mammon. And, in this

case, as in every other, our duty will be our pleasure. In cheerful obedience to the behest of God and of conscience, you will delight to turn your backs upon all forbidden, soliciting, sinful indulgences. In such an alternative, the world has lost its charms. It is comparatively empty of enjoyment. It affords nothing for the nobler powers to act upon as the supreme good. What you once may have termed pleasure, and pursued as such, has now lost its relish. Having a new taste inspired, and the nobler powers of the soul sanctified and quickened, what was once sweet to the taste is now bitter; what was once good is now evil. Looking away from the world will be no self-denial. I wish you, *now*, thoroughly to “count the cost” of being Christians, so as never to have occasion hereafter to accuse yourselves of rashness, or to repent of what you have done, or left undone, to perfect your character. And if there is any sacrifice you are unwilling to make for Christ and your souls; if there is any favorite amusement, or gratification, you are not willing to dispense with; if there is any article of superfluity in which you are not willing to retrench as there is a proper call for it, — will you give the subject due consideration, and take firm and decided ground? Let it be seen, in public and in private, that the religion of the cross produces a decision of character which is unwavering. Do not suffer the sons and daughters of a vainglory ever to approach you, on the subject of their sensual and sordid pleasures, without improving the occasion to manifest to them, that you have made up your mind

upon principle; that you are fixed; and that you consider them in a course of danger. "My son, my daughter, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Not only do not go with them, but let them know the reason of it. A gentle rebuke, administered in a way of tenderness and feeling, will possibly do more in carrying conviction to the thoughtless, than a long sermon. A word in this way, fitly spoken, how good is it!

Do not suffer yourselves to meet the libertine half-way in your feelings, or to think there can be anything tolerable in a gay round of thoughtless dissipation. "Look away from the tops of Amana." Avoid speaking, or even thinking, with approbation, of what some may be disposed to call "innocent" amusements, but what they and you know to be of a doubtful character. What will be realized in the bosom of every good man and woman, and what is seen in their intercourse with the world, is beautifully described in the context. "The flowers appear on the earth; and the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." Heavenly affections are enkindled, and a "new song is put into our mouths, even praise to our God." The first comforts of the witnessing spirit are set home to our hearts. "The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines, with their tender grapes, give a goodly smell."

The first, immature fruits of righteousness begin to show themselves, promising a rich and abundant harvest. All the encouraging tokens of Divine favor,



thus vouchsafed, operate as the most animating motives to press forward in the Christian course. The wintry, barren joys of earth have no further charms ; all the music with which she delighted us dies away upon the ear, while we listen to the still, small voice, saying to us, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and we are, at times, swallowed up in the anticipations of a life of glory, never to have an end.

Another class of our spiritual enemies is presented by our subject, which, if not as numerous, is more active, than the former.

Not only from the seductions of Amana are we to look away, but from the frightful haunts of Shenir and Hermon, the lair of the lion and the leopard, those formidable beasts of prey, striking emblems of the Devil and his emissaries.

In speaking to my children on such a subject, I make no apology for introducing such a character as the Devil, — a character as distinctly delineated in the Bible as any other, and who, in God's government of the world, has a work assigned which cannot easily be mistaken. Whatever that work may be, each is to give heed to his own halting, looking well to the evidence afforded him of his being numbered with the sincere followers of Him to whom all devils are subject ; always remembering the Devil will never harm those who will not harm themselves. The command and the promise go together, "Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you."

Among the enemies alluded to in the text are included also wicked and wily companionships of our

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own, standing, visible and tangible, the emissaries and agents of Satan. You may, at some times, have kept their company, and turned a blind eye to their folly. Now, avowedly leaving their ranks mortifies them. Such will be their disingenuousness, they will readily impute it to any other motive than the right one. And if they find you hesitating, they will spread it abroad to your hurt. By their thousand arts, they will try to allure you again, and bring you back to their follies and vanities. They will tempt you to behave like themselves, in loose conduct, in vain and trifling conversation, to try your steadfastness, and to have it to say, that your scruples are all affectation. They will try to surprise you into sin, by some false report; to ridicule, to drive, and to coax you out of the right, and into the wrong course. They will be glad to have it to say of you, that you are just as devoted to selfish indulgences as themselves. You will accordingly have solicitations to join them in circles of social merriment of a doubtful character. If you refuse, they will call you precise and "righteous over-much." You will be branded with religious fastidiousness, and over-heated zeal, as the case may be, especially if you plead a sense of duty. The "lions" will roar, and the "leopards" will growl, at one time; they will fawn and cringe at another; but it will be your endeavor, by a prudent, a steady and consistent course of conduct, to make it manifest how little you regard either their smiles or their frowns. He that calls you to come away, with the greatest kindness, will notice your obedience. "The Lion of

the Tribe of Judah" is able and willing to defend from all other lions all who will submit to his authority. Hence the very seasonable and salutary caution,—if the profligate and profane say, "Come with us," "Cast in thy lot among us,"—"My son, walk not in the way with them"; "listen not to their counsel." "Refrain thy foot from their path." "Go not in the way of evil men; avoid it, pass not by it, and turn away."

The subject is before you, my children: its admonitions, its prospects, and its promises. It is submitted to you, as moral agents and immortal beings. Still probationers, you have a life, you know not how long, in prospect. While God is waiting to be gracious, still look away from "Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, and the mountains of the leopards." Leave them far behind in distant prospect. Hoping you have already "the Day-dawn, and the Day-Star in your hearts," live as "children of the Light and of the Day." If you have accepted the invitation of the text, lay hold on the promise it contains. Never rest satisfied with present attainments, when there is such a field before you for improvement.

Wherever we open our eyes around us, we are convinced, from what we see, that our Heavenly Father is giving us instructive lessons, "in things belonging to our peace." We see it in our gardens, in our fields, and our forests. The poets tell us, there are "books in brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." In the text before us, we have

allusions to the scenery of the country where it was written. How has such scenery been prized in all ages, by heathen nations as well as those who were more refined! The pagan mythology is full of it. Their Elysium and Tartarus, — how well they correspond with the Sinai and Horeb, the Ebal and Gerizim, of the Israelites! Lebanon and Amana, Shenir and Hermon, of the Old Testament, — Mount Moriah and the Mount of Olives, Zion and Calvary, of the New, — are all familiar objects with the inhabitants of the “hill country of Judæa,” calculated to gratify their taste, and elevate their devotions.

Prize, then, more than ever, my young friends, not only the word of God, the light of reason and conscience, but the light that shines everywhere in this beautiful world. When abroad in the fields and villages, either for labor or recreation, listen to the voices that are coming to you from above and beneath, saying, “This is the way, walk ye in it.” “Wisdom’s ways are pleasantness, all her paths are peace.”

Wherever you go, and whatever you do, be impressed with a sense of that Presence which continually surrounds us; and as you are tempted to wander from the straight and narrow way into the forbidden paths of sin, always be ready to say, as you are tempted, “Get thee behind me, Satan,” and “How can I do this, and sin against God?”

And as those older than yourselves are moving off the stage of action, who have been near and dear to you, let it not be forgotten, but ever be remembered, that they have not ceased to care for you.



Shortly, he who now addresses you will be no more here. Looking back, through the long vista of seventy or eighty years, I wish I could gather up something profitable to those coming after. I leave no monument of brass or marble. My EBENEZER, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me," *Monumentum Ære perennius*, I leave with you, with the assurance that "the Master we serve will ever help those who will help themselves." Act upon this motto, and you will have a good improvement of the subject before us. They who love and serve the Lord will enjoy his presence, and prosper.

In the mean time, let it be ever our fervent prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" As good an answer as we can have is, "Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Having the hope of Christians, make it manifest that you mean to be known as belonging to their company. Let no time be lost in neglecting to make a public profession of a proper kind. When the path of duty is plain, there is nothing gained by postponement.

"Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," may we all be thankful for the past, and for the future leave all with Him.

My powers and privileges, whatever they are, I desire on this the day of my birth to devote afresh to my Maker. If he has still, on earth, a work for me to do, I ought willingly to stay and finish it.

This world of ours is a world every way adapted to our necessities, and we ought so to live in it, for

the time allotted us, that we may be always in readiness to leave it, and be prepared for a happy entrance into that set before us in the Gospel.

Whether that event shall come sooner or later is of small importance, compared with that of securing a character which will, in any event, make our state a safe one, — “living or dying, the Lord’s.” The character is everything, and all we want, for time or eternity.

And, as what I am now saying is designed specially for my family, permit me to say, in conclusion, as encouragement in the way of well-doing, both in a retrospective and prospective view, that I do not find, in a long line of ancestors, many that do not fairly sustain a good character. A good character, you know, implies a life of good principles. A good life is open to the choice or refusal of every one. A good heart is known only to the Searcher of all hearts. God gives us the standard; each must judge for himself, and be careful to judge righteous judgment. *The standard* is, “A good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things.” Where good fruits are habitually visible, it is always fair to infer, “the good and honest heart.” Let us be thankful that God has told us, “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.” And let us make it the great concern of our life, that we have the Spirit of God witnessing with our spirits, that we are his redeemed children. Let me see and know this, and I shall be prepared to say, “Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”



Old age, I find, is loquacious. The dear children, then, and grandchildren, will bear with him who now addresses them, while he adds another paragraph.

While the world is opening around you, and other things innumerable invite your attention, it gives your aged father great pleasure to know, as he does, that he is not forgotten.

Come and see us, as often as you can, all of you.

"The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places," and, in the good Providence of our God, "we have a goodly heritage." Its inhabitants pass away, but "the earth abideth." I hope that part of it which was the inheritance of your ancestors will remain in the hands of their descendants, for a great while yet to come. So long as I am here, you will find it one of your homes. As we occasionally meet and ramble over its grounds, objects innumerable present themselves, associated with pleasurable and profitable reminiscences. Here may be seen graves of the aborigines, with the implements of their tillage, their pestles, their arrow-heads, their stone flesh-pots, and other domestic utensils. Their war-whoop, I hope, will no more be heard, but, instead, the voices of industry and thrift, of civilization and refinement, and with them, "Glory to God in the highest, on the earth peace and good-will to men!"

The fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gates of Beth-rabbim, are not here, nor the waters of Bethesda and Siloam; but we can show you our meadows with their elms, threaded, for hundreds of miles, by their

Connecticut, with its lovely banks and currents. The stately mountains of Palestine, Lebanon and Amana, Shenir and Hermon, are not here ; but peering around the horizon may be seen, in the distance, Hoosack, Greylock, and, nearer home, Mount Tom, Holyoke, Sugar-loaf, and Mount Warner, with all their goodly prospects, groves, and fields, and villages, with their churches, school-houses, and workshops, and railroads, and flocks and herds.

In doors, and around the old mansion, as you look over its grounds and apartments, you observe heir-looms in profusion of former times and former occupants, both “pleasant and mournful to the soul.”

Since my residence here, one generation has passed away. Another stands tottering on the brink of the grave, “the gleanings of the grapes, four or five, on the outmost branches thereof.” Four of your number, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, — several in infancy and childhood, — have gone on before you, showing us that youth, loveliness, and beauty plead in vain for exemption from the sentence, “Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return.”

*One* those who have known never will forget. *One*, who had been accustomed to meet you with smiles and pleasant greetings, is no more visible. As you go from one apartment to another, you do not find her. Go with me, then, to our bedside. There is a striking resemblance of what she was in the loveliness of youth ; an affecting memorial of her, who was the joy and delight of my life, to advanced age ; the first object that strikes my eyes, as I awake in

the morning, and the last, as I close them again in sleep ; the image of her who received some of you from the hand of our Heavenly Father to her bosom ; carried you in infancy to the baptismal font ; in childhood, bore you daily, in the arms of faith and prayer, to the throne of grace ; and who led you habitually, in youth, “into the green pastures,” and “beside the still waters” ; who nursed, and fed, and clothed you in tenderness and love, when you were unable to provide for yourselves, and has now gone before, to welcome those who are prepared for a happy reunion, in a better world.

“ O that each, in the day  
Of Christ’s coming, may say,  
‘ I have fought my way through, —  
I have finished the work  
Thou didst give me to do ! ’ ”

“ O that each from the Lord  
May receive the glad word,  
‘ Well and faithfully done !  
Enter into my joy,  
And sit down on my throne ! ’ ”

NOTES TO SERMONS.



## NOTES TO SERMONS.

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### I.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

I was apprised, at the outset, that what I was about to say must unavoidably run into Autobiography, and gave notice of it accordingly. I am aware that, here and always, all boasting is to be excluded. Some success in contending with our spiritual enemies, if only in a few instances, and by slow degrees, gives additional courage for resisting repeated assaults, as well as strength for renewed efforts, on our part, to meet fresh encounters. On the whole, in balancing the account, I venture to believe, that our destiny, as moral agents, is in good hands. I have something to say, in addition to what I have already said, of myself in early life. I had then religious impressions. I am not sure they were of the right kind. I recollect more of fear, than I do of love. As far back as I can remember, my mother used to take me away, alone, and deal very faithfully with me, as a perverse and headstrong child, telling me, with yearning tenderness, that she knew nothing of what would become of me. She very early in life, at the age of sixteen as I have been often told, went through a regular conversion, of the kind that have been common in later revivals; joined the church in the town where we lived; and all her life gave satisfactory evidence of being “born again.” She was indeed a happy and joyful Christian. I knew it; and supposed that, if I had not evidence of a similar experience, a world of woe must be my awful portion. When tempted to what I knew was not right, it troubled me exceedingly; but I still flattered myself, that I should somehow escape what I so much dreaded. One



expedient was, I determined I never would die. Come what would, I had made up my mind to draw one more breath, and so live on, let it come ever so hard to breathe, till I could get into the habit of breathing again freely as ever, thus hoping for a space of repentance. I did not tell my mother of my plan; she, of course, did not withhold necessary discipline, as there was occasion for it. The event was, that, with all my naughtiness, I continued to have religious impressions, and some success in baffling the tempter.

After the death of Doctor Williams, the pulpit was supplied by different preachers. Mr. Ely, who boarded at my father's, became a candidate for settlement.

The first that I remember of a revival was about this time. A number of young people came weekly to Mr. Ely's chamber, for a conference meeting, which with us was entirely a new thing. In an adjoining room through the door, I could hear all that was said and done; where, hour after hour, I sat and listened with unspeakable distress, sometimes rolling on the floor in a profusion of tears. The trouble was not from any particular truth or sentiment spoken, but that they, the company of young ladies, associates of my sisters, were there, invited guests, in the other chamber, to be prepared to go to heaven, but the door was shut upon me, a poor forgotten boy and a vile sinner, and that could never be admitted as one of the chosen few. They were the elect, that I had learned about in the catechism; I was not one. I was afraid that what my mother had told me might prove true at last, and that a hopeless hell must be my eternal portion.

I had, all along, been flattering myself that I should be a minister, and knew I might be good; and sometimes I knew I endeavored to be so. Good old Master Tisdale — who taught me my A, B, C, and onward, far beyond; who was the oracle of the day, in all good learning, in the region round about; and who could *fit boys for college*; and who could *teach navigation, and the art of surveying* — used to tell me, that I must study my book, be a good boy, and learn to be a minister.

An adventure happened, at the time of my first starting to go to school, which I shall always remember. The time had come, and to school I must go. My sisters, Rhoda and Eunice, promised to take good care of me, and felt much pleased with their charge. It was thought proper to have my first day's task an easy one, and therefore to defer the *début* till afternoon. The walk was about

a mile. Giving one hand to each sister, I had a pleasant time of it, till within a few rods of the school-house. It was the time of "Nooning." The noise of fifty boys, inside and out, racing and roaring at the top of their voices, was something to me altogether novel. I do not know that the noise of a thousand buffaloes, let loose among the Rocky Mountains, would have been more frightful. It was no school for me. With the twitch of both hands simultaneously from my conductors, I made for home, without hesitation; and, having no fear of truancy before my eyes, with all possible expedition. Remonstrance and palaver were all in vain.

Here the matter of going to school rested, how long it is no matter. After a while, however, I found myself pleasantly ensconced with the good old Master Tisdale, in the "brick school-house," where I fitted for college upon very good terms. After prayers, hearing the Bible class, and seating the older scholars, for writing and ciphering, the younger ones came under the more immediate notice of the master. After hearing them read and spell their lesson, he would occasionally indulge himself in a little chat with the children, in their A, B, C. When through reading, he took me, and in "great A, little a, -ron, Aaron," in my turn, betwixt his knees, saying, "Dan, what do you intend to be, a minister, or a plough-jogger?" Without hesitating at all, I replied, "A minister, sir." He burst out into a broad laugh. "Well," said he, rubbing my head with his hand, and patting my shoulder, "sit down, Dan; study your lesson; be a good boy, and we will see about your being a minister."

I never lost sight of what seemed so much to please both the old gentleman and his pupils; and sometimes, on the Sabbath, when left at home with the colored woman, Tamar, without waiting for a more regular license to preach, I placed her, for an audience, on the lower broad stair, taking the broad stair above for the pulpit. What the doctrine was, or what the impression made on the congregation, at the time, I am not able to say; I am sure it was all well meant. Tamar was a very grave woman, and treated the services, at the time, very seriously, and frequently, afterwards, reminded me of them as very edifying. I presume it was all in good harmony with confabulations with Master Tisdale and others on the subject. At any rate, so far as I can recollect, it was in early life my intention to make preaching my profession; and this impression

was an incentive, among others, to a proper preparation for it. What the preparation amounted to, in my own case, I pretend not to say. I speak of its natural tendency. I am sure, children have religious tendencies, and prepossessions, — a natural bent, that ought to be cultivated. I have always been pleased to find them in my own heart, and to observe them in others. I have always thought much of religious order in families, and the greater the strictness and earnestness, the better.

My only brother, William, ten or twelve years older than myself, married, about the time I am speaking of. In his life, he was a very correct young man, but had not, at that time, made a profession, as it is called. I was afraid he would not observe family prayers. My apprehensions on the subject amounted to anxiety. It afforded me unspeakable relief, when I found he had not commenced housekeeping in the neglect of that duty. The relief of the puerile mind was, that, if I had not begun the religious life myself, it was still in the family, and that I should not be finally overlooked. The old Calvinistic doctrine of Particular Election had its salvos, and we lived on, in hope.

In the mean time, Mr. Ely became our settled minister in Lebanon. He was laboriously faithful for the advancement of his flock in the divine life. Former prejudices subsided. The conservatism of the day yielded to a commendable liberality and well-tempered zeal, showing itself in those meetings for religious improvement during the week, called conferences, as well as in greater freedom on the subject of religious experience.

From the day of the great Reformers, the Tennents, and the Davenportes, of Edwards, and Bellamy, and Whitfield, there had been fears, if not prejudices, among our best people, against Separates, New-Lights, and the like, which had a reaction unfavorable to true earnestness on the subject. This was done away in a short time, under the ministry of such men as Mr. Ely. Instead of vain, idle meetings of young people, it became common for them to meet, in the evening, for reading, conversing, and singing; inviting Uncle Oliver, or some such patriarch, in the absence of the minister, to introduce the meeting with prayer. Peculiar intimacy of friendship and confidence, with unusual anxiety, seemed to justify still more private meetings for devotion.

When I speak of former lukewarmness in our religious concerns, in Lebanon, I would by no means intimate that before this there

was anything like a general laxity. It was eminently the reverse. We suffered much, in this respect, as the whole country did, by the ten years' war of the Revolution, military encampments, &c. All the looseness of such a state of things notwithstanding, the religious society — and there was but one in what was called the central district — flourished. The meeting-house, the largest I ever saw, was filled to overflowing: the broad aisle, to the pulpit, being filled with benches for the children.

They had made trial of the revival system, and it had left them unharmed. The object of the travelling preachers was to do good undoubtedly, but their measures had sometimes tended to the division of peaceable societies. The doctors of the day were afraid of them. Some of the more respectable of Doctor Williams's congregation wished to have Mr. Whitfield himself invited. Doctor Williams, supported by Governor Trumbull, — two who, like Moses and Aaron, were together in all good enterprises, — with a majority of the church, were slow to believe that the labors of Whitfield were on the whole desirable. At length, however, objections were overruled, and, to make sure of an audience, Mr. Whitfield came on, at the time appointed, accompanied by a goodly number of untiring devotees, — a Whitfieldian cavalcade. The morning services were duly attended. The ministers, retiring at noon for refreshment, left the congregation under the moderatorship of Deacon Huntington, my grandfather, who remained for a religious exercise among themselves. They very soon became noisy, frantic, headstrong, and unmanageable. The Deacon hastened, as soon as possible, to resign his charge as moderator, reporting them to Mr. Whitfield as worse than any mob he had ever seen or heard of; begging Mr. Whitfield to hasten back, and take care of them himself, as soon as possible. This I believe may serve as a specimen of the revivals of the day. There were many signal conversions apparently, the effect of powerful addresses to the passions, and accompanied with a good deal of downright fanaticism, extravagance, and censoriousness, not remarkably favorable to a state of society such as, through grace, we hope to find in the better Land. More like this is the specimen we sometimes have had of revivals *since the time of Whitfield and his fellow-laborers.*

What I have known of revivals, as I have been personally acquainted with them in my native town and elsewhere, is decidedly favorable. I am thankful, I trust, for what we have seen and



known of them, as seasons of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord." I am and ever have been the friend of well-conducted revivals. I hope my dear children and grandchildren may know experimentally, if necessary, the hopes and comforts thence derived.

Where I first settled in the ministry, Litchfield, Connecticut, religion, in its power and purity, had been greatly neglected for many years. There was unusual attention in neighboring towns; at length we became partakers of it. It pervaded all classes, and there was great joy and gladness amongst us. It lasted more than two years. In the several denominations of Christians, about three hundred publicly professed themselves subjects of the Gospel hope, among whom I never knew an instance of apostasy or backsliding. In saying this, I must explain myself.

More that was visibly valuable, at the time, may be fairly attributed to the previous discipline of families and schools, and to the training of Sabbatical institutions, and the good examples, and other means, around them, than to anything new they saw, or heard, or felt, in the time of the revival. Where God and his Son are known and adored, and loved, and served, in common life, and out of sight of the world,—is not this pure religion? Thousands enjoy religion, who do not see their way clear to make a profession. Religion as it encounters a censorious world is of a retiring character. The sensitive mind dreads peculiar notice. It is afraid also of self-deception. It trembles at the thought of entertaining a false hope. It shrinks from the charge of saying, "Lord, Lord," while living in disobedience or indifference. It is reluctant to encounter the sneers of the scoffer. It cannot subscribe to the forms of sectarians and errorists. And where there is no immediate excitement, it is difficult to see one's way clear, in taking a step that attracts notice.

Now, seasons of special attention remove such objections. Religion becomes fashionable, so to speak. A great deal to be said, and done, becomes the order of the day, rather than too much reserve. The danger now is, of knowing and doing too much. It is generally known, and proclaimed from the house-top, who are converted, with every shade of difference, from those just beginning to be awakened to those who are sanctified and confirmed beyond the possibility of falling from grace. In modern revivals, saints and sinners have in some places particular seats assigned

them at public meetings, and these are addressed, both in prayer and exhortation, according to the different degrees of anxiety or peace with which they may be visited, and sometimes in prayer are called by name.

It is announced, also, when God is "on his way" to a particular place, to "revive his work"; when he has arrived; and how long he will stay; what will provoke him to leave; and the probability, if he leave, that he will not soon return, if ever; — all antagonistic to the great idea of the omnipresence of our Heavenly Father, and his readiness to be found of them that call upon him.

For all these and the like extravagances there is a remedy; and our ministers and their churches are becoming more and more sensible of it. Hence the importance of light and grace and truth by Jesus Christ. Under their influence it is, that we are hoping for a more general and thorough reformation, under a truly Evangelical theology. United in the faith and fellowship of the Gospel, might we not hope to become familiar with revivals more unalloyed by pride and party, and more enduring? Too often have our revivals been but of short continuance. To wear well, they need thorough examination. To be perfect, they must be pure and perpetual. To this end our prayer must be, "Lord, revive thy work." "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." Having this kingdom in our hearts and homes, we have a delightful prelibation of what we hope to know more of, hereafter, under the reign of "peace on earth, and goodwill to men."

It is at the same time to be remembered, that pure religion does not depend upon revivals. There are several things that are decidedly and flagrantly exceptionable, both in their instrumentalities and in their results. The Divine and the human are both visible in them, as in other important events: and to judge of them aright, it is essential to discriminate. They have their mission. It is not too much to say the hand of God is in them, and that there is something to be learned by them.

Revivals and awakenings are sent; so are the anomalies and irregularities that follow in their train. Great revivals, and those that have given to me the best evidences of genuineness, are those that have followed seasons of the greatest indifference and stupidity, from which it seemed, at the time, that nothing could arouse the people but the mighty power of God, in a revival. It was emi-



nently so in Litchfield, Conn., the place already mentioned, where I was first a minister. This town was originally among the number of those decidedly opposed to the movements of former revivalists; and went so far, in a regular church meeting called expressly for the purpose under the ministry of the venerable Mr. Rollins, as to let them know, by a unanimous vote, that they did not wish to see them. The effect was, they did not come. The report circulated, that Litchfield had "voted Christ out of their borders." It was noticed by some of the older people, that the death of the last person then a member of the Church was a short time before the commencement of our revival. It was well remembered, and spoken of as somewhat remarkable, and not without its effect. An account of this may be found in the Connecticut Religious Magazine of about 1813. Excepting in a few families, there was but little visible of the power of religion; and practical piety was at a low ebb. For two or three years after my settlement, but few additions were made to the Church; and very rarely were revivals spoken of as desirable. In neighboring towns, they were common; and respectable missionaries visited us, for whom it was not judged proper to appoint lectures. All this indifference notwithstanding, it was still, in social circles, the subject of prayer. And in answer to prayer, apparently, at length the blessing came. It was the still, small voice, and but little was said about it for a time. The first visible manifestation any way general was in the house of God, on Sabbath morning. The chapter read at the commencement of the service was expressive of *the long-suffering tenderness of our Heavenly Father* toward his ungrateful and backsliding children, as in the eleventh chapter of Hosea: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I make thee as Admah? How shall I set thee as Zeboim? My heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together." The hymn followed, in the same strain of tender remonstrance. It was a barbed arrow, deeply felt. A large choir of young people rose to sing. The aching heart, the trembling lip, and the bedimmed eye forbade them to proceed. Two or three made a faint attempt to sing, but in a few moments every mouth was shut, and, one after another, all were soon in their seats. The silence of death seemed to pervade the assembly. In the language of the passage just read, their *repentings were kindled together*, — subsiding, at length, at different seasons, into that peace and joy with which the stranger inter-

meddleth not: a visitation of Divine Providence in which the different denominations were sharers, felt doubtless, in that community, with fervent gratitude to the present hour, and which probably never will be forgotten.

I have said enough, my dear children, to give you my ideas of revivals.

I return to the narrative of my own personal history. I never was personally, that I know, the subject of a revival experience.

From the time I was speaking of, I continued at home, working on the farm, and at school, intermediately, till I became a member of Yale College; habitually serious-minded, though not a professor, and having constantly in view, as the pole-star of professional life, the Gospel ministry.

The College at that time was at its lowest ebb, as to good literature, morals, and religion. The excellent President was in his dotage. The venerable Professor Wales was disabled by disease. Good order and discipline were, of course, prostrate. Those in highest repute for talent and scholarship were generally tainted with a shallow, flippant *Tom Paine infidelity*. Almost imperceptibly, I found myself early tinctured with scepticism. A young friend, a relative in a class above me, *not* a model, however, of Christian excellence himself, perceiving my danger, kindly took me aside, asked me what I was doing, and what I supposed my father would say, and how he would feel, if he knew that I was becoming a deist. Though it came from a person not professing religion or seriousness, it was from a cousin, and a word in season. This, I believe, is the first and the last of my doubting as to the authenticity and credibility of the sacred volume. There was a meeting of a few young men, of the upper classes, in College, on Saturday evenings, for prayer and conference, which President Stiles used to speak of *as the gold-dust of College*, to which I attached myself, in which I found a sustaining and healthful influence.

I think of nothing worthy of any particular notice, during my College life, excepting a wish to sustain a good standing for scholarship and character. It was uppermost in my mind, to obtain suitable evidence of the good hope of the Gospel, which I did, so far as to partake, on a credible profession, in the communion of the Lord's Supper, for the first time, in Suffield, where I was teaching a school, just about the time of graduating. Our class dined together, at the

examination for a degree, where I was called upon to lead in the religious exercises at the table: the first time I ever opened my mouth, publicly, in a religious service. At the Commencement, I accepted an invitation to a tutorship in Williams College, (then quite in its infancy,) for two years, where I boarded with President Fitch, and under his tuition had a favorable opportunity for occasional discussion of topics that had a bearing upon my intended profession.

Toward the close of this engagement, I was invited to a similar station in Yale, under the Presidency of Doctor Dwight. During the summer, before leaving Williamstown, Mr. Swift, the minister, invited me to attend Association, with him, then about to sit, at Tyringham, — saying to me, “If you have a sermon, put it in your pocket; perhaps we may do something for you that you will not be sorry for.” I wanted the exercise, and accepted the invitation. I found myself, on arrival, in company with two young gentlemen before the Association, where, after reading each his sermon, and answering a few theological questions, we were all presented with a license, as candidates for the ministry. There was, at that time, very little ceremony in admitting a young man to preach. Wherever the examination sermon went, after this, it had for a time to go alone; as it did on a Sabbath following, into the desk of Rev. Doctor Swift, of Bennington; and afterwards, into the desks of several other reverend gentlemen in Berkshire County.

After going to New Haven, what time I had to spare I continued, under the instruction of Doctor Dwight, to devote to my profession, occasionally writing a sermon or a dissertation. As the door was open, I preached, as a supply, to vacant parishes, in New Haven and neighboring towns. During the first vacation, I spent three weeks in Litchfield; their minister, Mr. Champion, from the infirmities of age, having suspended his labors.

After two or three supplies of the same kind, it appeared to be the wish of the people to have me for their minister; for which, in God’s Providence, the way was prepared, after a pleasant acquaintance of about two years, I preaching there at times, during vacations. In accepting their call to settle, my own plans were entirely frustrated. Man appoints, God disappoints. The current, about this time, was toward the settlement of the Connecticut Reserve lands, *alias* “New Connecticut,” *alias* Ohio; then a border territory, whither a vast population, from New England, were press-

ing onward, and where there are now more than one million of inhabitants. My plan was to go among the crowd; to plant myself on an elevation, or a gentle declivity well wooded and well watered, there to ensconce myself in a humble home, where improvements could be made, as they were necessary; where I could read or write, labor in heart, or by hand; study and preach, as the door might be open; stationary or missionary there to grow up, and grow old, with the country around, as life might be protracted, and health continued; or otherwise, at the disposal of Divine Providence. It has been wisely ordered otherwise.

After the close of my engagement at Yale in September, 1798, I was ordained, in October, to the work of the ministry in Litchfield. A delightful village, on a fruitful hill, richly endowed with its schools, both professional and scientific, and their accomplished teachers; with its venerable governors and judges; with its learned lawyers, and senators, and representatives, both in the national and State departments; and with a population enlightened and respectable,—Litchfield was now in its glory. I came among them without patrimony; but with their assistance, in a handsome *settlement*, as it was called, of a thousand dollars, and four hundred salary, I soon found myself in a way to be comfortably at home among them, with a neat domicile of my own. A cage it was, without a bird; and too frequently was it suggested, by my good parishioners, to be disregarded. There was more to be known, all along, than was told; I was always the friend of matrimony. The new relation I had now assumed naturally reminded me of another, none the less inviting. 1 Timothy iii. 2.

Through the friendship of Doctor Dwight, an honor I am always proud to acknowledge, I had the happiness of becoming acquainted with the family which has thus far proved the source and means of my earthly felicity. The romance of the attending circumstances—including the planting of the bird in its cage, a long journey over frozen ground, through snow-banks, and amid the storms of winter—will hardly be expected, I think, from an octogenary, writing rather sportively to his children, on a serious subject; for a serious subject it is after all. On this, as on all other subjects, all is well that ends well. If you would know more about it, my dear children, try it for yourselves when the time comes. What say you to a courtship of a year or two, without an *engagement*? the heart, without the hand? the apparent affection, but not the promise,



anterior to the marriage vow? I could furnish you an example of all this, and it is natural to say, — all boasting excluded, as usual, — that in this case it turned out well. If mutual, why is it not fair? Is it any incentive to caprice? If not, why is it not, on the whole, the safer way?

The day of the marriage, here referred to, is the first day of the first week of the first month of the nineteenth century, January 1, A. D. 1801.

Here I am, then, planted down in social life with a fair prospect for usefulness, in a companionship every way conducive to domestic comfort and every earthly enjoyment. Happy, could it have been longer continued. It was ordered otherwise. My dependence for support was the *settlement* above mentioned, and four hundred dollars salary. The offer was made, before my leaving New Haven. My friends there told me I never could live upon it. I told them, their promises at Litchfield were fair, in case of insufficiency. Doctor Dwight, I remember, told me a story, as he often did, of a Northampton man, I believe it was a Mr. Lyman. The man had a son much in the same predicament as I was. His father asked him, if he could live upon the salary offered him. He replied, "Father, the people are very able, and very generous; it is a county town; thirty or forty professional characters; schools of every grade; great geniuses among them; and they have been in the habit of making liberal presents to their former minister, and doubtless will continue them." His father's reply was, "Bind 'em, John." "They will supply me with firewood, father, as they have always been in the habit of doing for their minister, — of course." "Bind 'em, John." "But father, they have to pay their former minister, now worn out with age and faithful services, his whole salary, which was only £ 100 (\$ 333.33 $\frac{1}{3}$ ), from which they expect soon to be released, and which, they say, can just as well be added to mine as not if I survive." The reply still was, "Bind 'em, John." How it came out with John, I cannot say. My own case, very similar, I shall not soon forget; and it will be well for us all not to forget the old proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"; and another we all remember, "They that wait for dead men's shoes may go barefoot."

For years, the support of my family was eked out, by bountiful contributions from abroad, as well as at home, particularly from



*Forty Acres.\** My wife had parents, blessed be the memory of their generous souls! who from their abundance would not suffer their daughter for a day to live in want of comforts appropriate to her station, and which they were able to afford her. As the wants of an increasing family required, wagon-loads and sleigh-loads of things necessary to the body were sent us gratuitously, from year to year, above seventy miles. To say nothing of my own feelings, my people seemed too well pleased with it to suit my notion. I have ever felt bound to support my family honorably, and nobody that I ever heard of ever accused us of any extravagance. If they had ever offered me more salary, I should probably have accepted it; but I did not think proper to ask for it, because I never knew additions thus made to a salary that had a desirable effect. There was apt to be a meddling with motives, accompanied with hard speeches, always ungracious. And when I say this, I would add, that at the time of my dismissal I had no prospect for the future, — either as to parish, position, or salary, — whatever. The proposition for a dismissal was submitted to a mutual council, who reported unanimously in favor of it, upon the condition that, estimating a ministerial life at fourteen or fifteen years, a proportional part of the *settlement* should be refunded, which was done.

I am thus particular on this point, because, at a late general meeting of the Consociation at Litchfield, it was observed by one of the speakers, that it was not generally understood what the reasons were for my asking for a dismissal. It is quite as unaccountable to me that any brother so near my professional standing should not know those reasons; though I have not the least suspicion of any lack of integrity, or friendship, in him who made the observation. If any are still inclined to doubt, they may find relief in knowing that the parish in Litchfield very soon found the means of giving my immediate successor just double what they gave me as salary; and that, within eight years, I was obliged to be dismissed again, from one of the best parishes in Connecticut, because I knew from my journal that my salary of \$800 then came short of my support, in city life, by a considerable amount. In neither of these cases have I ever had any idea of relinquishing my profession, pay or no pay. I have never refused to preach, as the door was open, and to my dying day I never shall. If I were to live

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\* A particular spot in Old Hadley, where I found my wife.

my life over again, the work of the Gospel ministry would be that which I should prefer ; not hesitating, at the same time, to proclaim that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel. If we have the taste, and the talent, and the inclination, and the education, and the vocation, to preach, we are entitled to a livelihood from it ; and if not, we may know that preaching is not limited to the sounding-board of a chapel, nor any particular location. "The field is the world." And it is well if we feel that "from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and may speak. In the workshop, on the farm, at the depot, in the academic hall, and especially in the family, is there an inviting field of action for us all, laboring diligently in what the hand findeth to do for the happiness of those around us, "knowing that our labor, in the Lord, shall not be in vain."

The journey of my life has not been crowded with incidents for your entertainment. Though rather protracted as to its continuance, yet as to the distance of its travels it has been limited. The voyage has been rather confined to the quiet shores of the *Pacific*. Where I have found, here and there, a shoal or a snag, I have planted my buoys, that those who came after might be apprised of the danger. Where I have found a commodious harbor, I have sometimes cast anchor. In the delightful harbor of Litchfield we often had high political winds, but generally so managed as to weather the gale. We had here, on shipboard, a high-toned crew, but they were friends who might be relied on in an emergency. One adventure occurred which I must not omit to relate.

While there, I became involved in a lawsuit. Party spirit, in politics, was rampant. It was at a time when political gales, Federal and Democrat, were at their height. Though a decided Federalist in politics, I was not apprised of being a zealous partisan. But somehow I said something at the post-office. What, I could not now tell, for my life. It was denominated "a lie." It was first observed in *The Mercury*, the mouth-piece of the Democratic party, printed at Hartford ; and was going, as on the wings of the wind, to the ends of the earth, much to the annoyance of my good friends, the Federalists, and my parishioners. It must be known if the minister of Town Hill was a liar. How? The editor of the *Mercury* must be prosecuted forthwith. Messrs. David Daggett of New Haven, John Allen and James Gould of Litchfield, as my attorneys, undertook the business in good earnest. They managed it

well. In due time, a verdict of the jury in the Superior Court was obtained, in my favor, with the award of \$ 1,000 damages, which was paid. I will dismiss the subject, with an anecdote. One of the attorneys for the defendant was rather a noisy brother, and thought proper to say, in a way of vindication, before the court, that "He did not believe, as some did, that the clergy were a privileged order, and that so, when guilty of a crime, they might go unwhipped of justice; no, far to the contrary. We read of one of the order, in the Bible, so abandoned that the mouth of the dumb ass was opened for his reproof." "Yes, may it please your Honors," said Mr. Daggett, in his turn, after repeating what was said by his brother Smith, "the mouth of the dumb ass was opened, *and it was not the last of the species whose mouth had been opened to abuse the clergy.*"

Such was the metal of the times. The charge of the plaintiff was a base slander. The award was no more than a suitable amercement. If it is thought otherwise, and can be shown to be unjust, I hope my heirs may not withhold it when suitably called for.

Within a year from leaving Litchfield, I was settled in Middletown, Doctor J. Lyman of Hatfield, Massachusetts, preaching the Installation Sermon.

To make sure of an honorable living, I opened my house for a boarding-school. It was liberally patronized. My people made no complaint. Still I was not satisfied that this part of my employment was altogether compatible with the duties of my profession. And after trying awhile, without any particular misfortune, I found my income did not meet the expenses of an increasing establishment, in the style of a city life. I was discouraged, and withal not in good health, from confinement. I asked, again, for an honorable dismissal, which I obtained without difficulty.

I found a pleasant retreat on the patrimony of my wife, where I now live, a tenant by courtesy, with all that heart may wish. We came to Hadley to reside in 1816. Our mother, Mrs. Phelps, who had been a widow about two years, survived her husband, from this time, about as long.

There was now a school in Hadley of the higher order, erected on what was called the "Hopkins Fund," consigned originally to the guardianship of a few gentlemen, who were to fill their own vacancies; and to these funds the town had made a handsome do-

nation, in land, in the north part of Hadley, called *School Meadow*. Soon after my removal, they erected, upon a lot in the Front Street near the meeting-house, a large three-story brick building, and with the help of half a township of Maine land, presented by the Legislature of the State, were organized in due form Trustees of the *Hopkins Academy*. Of this Academy I had the immediate superintendence several years. It has been, for the most part, a flourishing institution; and lately, in concert with the town, the experiment has been on trial of a *High*, and partially a *Free School*; and has been thought favorably of.

As to the general course of my religious life, it has been essentially the same as formerly, excepting that for the last forty years my ministerial services have been those of the *evangelist*, rather than those of the *stated pastor*. My training, in early life, was strictly Calvinistic. Where I began my professional studies, and where I was licensed to preach, Hopkins's "Body of Divinity" was the text-book, and generally subscribed to in the county and community. Speculatively, I was thoroughly Hopkinsian. My feelings, so far as I recollect, were, in the best sense, catholic. I could believe my neighbor was a good man, though we might differ in our opinions on important subjects. I had a trial of this at an early period. I had a brother Tutor, at Williamstown, afterwards the minister of Peterborough, New Hampshire, both of us intending to preach, though of different schools. Frequent good-natured discussions brought us no nearer together. To convince me that he was right, he had recourse to a *miracle* of his own working. He had found out, by his studies, that vinegar was so much of a corrosive to an egg-shell as to take off the enamel. Writing a word on the shell with melted tallow, after putting the egg in vinegar, the letters are left entire and prominent, with a beautiful enamel, the other parts of the shell becoming rough and discolored. He wrote upon the egg the sentence, "Woe to Hopkinsians!" and put the smaller end of the egg in the socket of the candlestick upon my table. There it was in the morning, in bold relief, and very legible. My Freshman did not fail to notice it; and by the time the morning recitation was through, my chamber was full of curious speculators in theology, with their amusing observations. As they were leaving the room, one bawled out, in the presence of my brother Tutor, "It was a darned old Arminian hen, I know, that laid that egg"; and so left the operator to determine who had the best of the joke.



The anecdote shows that the controversy of our school was not a very bitter one.

The first sermon I ever wrote, though the offspring of Berkshire County, and written by a disciple of Hopkins, was, I am inclined to think, rather of a liberal character. The doctrine of that sermon was what every man ought to feel and live upon, — scil., *that our character, in the sight of God, is according to the heart*, — from the text, “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he”; not that a person is right because he thinks he is, as it has sometimes been construed, but because the taste, the disposition, the habitual temper of his heart, is right towards God. The other construction would be not properly liberal, but absolutely licentious.

Several years after, passing through Berkshire, subsequent to a change of some of my views of doctrines, for “strange doctrines,” as they are called by some, I suppose, I called upon several gentlemen who were among those that gave me license to preach, who I found had not forgotten me. In conversation, afterwards, at his house, with Doctor Hyde of Lee, in allusion to the sermon I read upon that occasion, which was the one just mentioned, he said, “From the sermon you read at your examination, I was always afraid you were not quite right.” From this, as well as from other causes, I am disposed to think that, from the outset, I have been inclined to a generous spirit of evangelical liberality.

On one occasion, however, I found myself publicly on Hopkinsian ground, at least in the apprehension of a venerable old gentleman, who heard me preach at Stratford, Connecticut, — Mr. Birdseye, an octogenary, who had formerly been the pastor. I was there, on an exchange with his successor, while supplying a pulpit at New Haven. My text in the afternoon was, “The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord”; the meaning of which was explained to be, that “the prayers of the impenitent, their best services, could not have in them the elements of genuine piety.” In going out of meeting, Mr. Birdseye met me on the stepstone, saying, “Sir, you bring us false doctrine; you have been telling us that *the unregenerate ought not to pray*, — one of the abominable doctrines of Hopkinsianism.” We soon had an audience around us, and a conference meeting, the result of which I cannot tell you, excepting I was soon on my way home, without settling the question, and have not been there since.

Hopkinsianism, thus caricatured in several of its leading dogmas,



is nothing more nor less than undisguised Calvinism ; and is highly to be respected for its frank, fair, and bold developments, and Christiane andor.

One reason for supposing my feelings have never been in harmony with sectarianism is, that, when a candidate for settlement in Litchfield, occasionally coming in contact with some of my brethren there, I thought myself considered, somehow, a "speckled bird." Mr. Griffin was then at New Hartford, with whom I had been somewhat intimately acquainted ; from whom I received a letter, requesting me to define my position with respect to some point of doctrine ; what it was, I do not now recollect ; which introduced a correspondence that at length was closed amicably.

Riding in company, once, with Rev. Mr. Day, of New Preston, on horseback, I rather inconsiderately asked him if there was any distinction in the Bible between *grace* and *special grace*. At first he made me no reply. Being a little ahead of me on the road, he after a while stopped his horse, turned about, and, looking me directly in the face, with a most appalling sternness of countenance, answered me in a tone of voice not to be misunderstood nor forgotten, — "*Special grace* is the *grace* that makes the difference between the saint and the sinner." Very good. It closed the conference. We were conversing on the subject of unconditional Election.

As the time drew on for ordination, I had asked Doctor Dwight to preach on the occasion. He had his reasons for declining, at the same time recommending Doctor Dana, of New Haven, who, while I lived there, had always honored me with his friendship. He was first settled in Wallingford, Connecticut, where he had as fellow-laborer in that vineyard, in another society, Mr. Waterman, now belonging to the Consociation in Litchfield County, by whom I was expecting to be ordained.

These two gentlemen, long before I was born, not in entire concinnity, had had their eye upon an "ignis fatuus" in theology, which appeared in a correspondence, at the time attracting much attention in New England ; but the matter had been dead and buried long since, the two gentlemen, in the mean while, quietly pursuing the business of their calling, in their respective spheres of action.

But this invitation to preach the ordination sermon, — what, under the circumstances, could be done with it? It was proposed by President Dwight, accepted by Doctor Dana, and the time appoint-

ed for ordination was at hand. I was at Litchfield at the time. General Tracy, a parishioner who had been on a tour to visit officially his brigade in the north part of the county, had just returned; and had held, in his absence, an interview with the aged and reverend Mr. Farrand, of New Canaan, Connecticut, who said to him, "And so you are not likely to have an ordination at Litchfield?" "Why not?" said the General. "Does your candidate know," said Mr. Farrand, "what he is about?" telling him at the same time of the old grudge. "Now what will you do?" "O," said the General, "if it is like to make a difficulty, Doctor Dana will not come, at any rate. We can coax him, I guess, to do what is right." Mr. Farrand, always having a saw at hand suited to the occasion, said: "A tin pedlar, in the spring, when the roads were bad, was unable to make headway, and right before my door fell to belaboring his poor horse, *spring poor*, unmercifully. I stepped out and begged the man to desist. 'Why, what shall I do? The critter won't draw.' 'O,' said I, 'coax him.' 'Coax him? Coax the Devil!'"

Poor Doctor Dana, probably never hearing Mr. Farrand's argument, came on to the ordination; preached a good sound Orthodox sermon; the Consociation were generally together; and I believe all were well satisfied. The anecdote shows us the peculiarities of the age, and the region round about.

I am pleading, it will be remembered, for my own catholicism, in harmony with Orthodoxy. I have evidence of it after removing to Middletown. I did not interfere, there, with the former custom of baptizing the children of those who owned "the covenant," as it was called, but did not see their way clear to the Lord's table. I ought here to say, they had no creed, aside from the covenant.

The two gentlemen at Middletown who officiated in the deacon's office were supposed to be Unitarians, and if anybody ever undertook to find evidence to the contrary, I did not. There were expressions in their covenant, for the admission of church-members, which were objectionable, in view of some of the best characters among us, which I took pains either to have altered or removed, so that no objection of the kind might remain. A stumbling-block to making a profession of religion was thus removed.

We were on the great road of travel, and it often so happened that travellers, clergymen among others, were detained on the Sabbath.

In several instances, the ministers of Unitarian churches were among the number. I invited ministers of all denominations, *regularly ordained*, to take part in the religious services, and in doing it I found it gave good satisfaction to the congregation. On one occasion, Doctor Porter, of Roxbury, Mass., preached for me, and at the communion administered either the bread or the wine at the Lord's table.

My brethren in the ministry reproved me severely for violating the rules of Christian fellowship, by inviting a Unitarian ; but I could not be convinced I was wrong.

About this time, on my way to Boston, I called on Doctor Emmons of Franklin, and stated the case, asking him what he would do, under similar circumstances. "Do? I would invite them to preach, by all means." "Would you invite them to administer ordinances?" "Be sure I would." "And if Unitarians should preach their doctrines to your people, what would you do?" "I would choose to have them ; and the next Sabbath I would show my people, if wrong, how easily they might be set right!"

Let us be thankful, my dear children, that we may all think and hope for ourselves ; that we may harmlessly extend our hopes into futurity ; and that, among the innumerable worlds that roll in illimitable space, there may be one world found for us, whose inhabitants love one another, with pure hearts, fervently, and where Faith, Hope, and Charity may have free course for ever.

## II.

### ECCLESIASTICAL INTOLERANCE.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF FAMILY FRIENDS, FRIENDS IN HADLEY, AND  
FRIENDS OF EVANGELICAL DISCIPLINE AND ORDER IN THE CHURCH  
UNIVERSAL.

I GAVE an intimation, in the First Sermon, that my life, though it has been a happy one, has had its trials. Among these has been a case of church discipline, the subject of the following Note. I have before me a narrative of the whole case in detail, of which these are some of the outlines, as they are given in a Journal of the "Sister" herself.

In November, 1821, a committee was appointed to visit each member of the Church in Hadley, to inquire into their views and feelings with regard to religion.

One of the committee called on the sister, and during that visit wished to know of her if she believed in the doctrine of the Trinity. Learning that she did not, at the close of the visit he observed that it had been customary, on such occasions, to unite in prayer; but as there could be no communion where there was such a difference in opinion, he thought it best to omit it in this case, and accordingly withdrew.

The result soon reached the ears of the pastor, from whom she was made by epistle to understand that the committee-man had done his duty, and that the Church could not extend their fellowship to Unitarians.

The sister, finding thus, officially, that her presence at the usual place of worship, and especially at the Lord's table, could no longer be desirable, and finding forthwith that the services, when she did attend, became unpleasant, concluded to provide herself with a place of worship elsewhere.

Accordingly, a dismissal from the Church was soon after re-



quested in a written form; which was not granted. Information was given her, that the connection, if she wished it, could be dissolved; but that it must be by "excommunication."

From this time, for about eight or ten years, we hear nothing more of the subject. "The wounded deer had left the herd," but was not forgotten. The ardor of the archer's zeal had probably outrun his skill in the knowledge of spirits and of Gospel discipline.

Several of the most respectable of the fathers of the Church were not prepared for an indorsement, and went so far as to advise the halting sister to take no notice of the hasty determination of the committee-man, but continue to attend the religious services where she belonged.

A letter from the pastor soon closed every mouth, and prepared the way for implicit submission. The sister under discipline had yet to learn that the Church of God was a snare and a trap, into which she had fallen, and from which she might disenthral herself as she could. Under the former ministry of such men as Russel, Chauncey, Williams, and Hopkins, excommunication for exercising the right of private judgment was unknown.

A good many conservatives of this old way are here and there to be found in the Church, not easily roused to action. Nothing will sooner attract their attention than epithets, hard names, and brave speeches, pronounced in their presence, and put into their mouths, as applicable to those who are to be shunned as heterodox, such as Socinians, Apostates, Sabellians, Infidels, and the like. These, and many others, were thoroughly tried, at private lectures, conferences, and funerals; with what success it is impossible to determine; yet having so much of the tragi-comical character attached to them, it is difficult to conclude which we ought most earnestly to endeavor to suppress, our indignation or compassion. From one reason and another, some were brought to take different ground in the movement from that on which they formerly stood. In skilful hands it would be strange if some of the projects should not succeed, and "the consummation so devoutly wished" be accomplished.

The delinquent and her family show themselves, meanwhile, good members of society, and good Christians, in the different stations they are called to fill in life. They have changed their place of worship, and, considering the sacrifices they must make in



getting to it, they are enjoying it under the ministrations of some of the best of men, though in the way that others call heresy.

That a correct moral deportment is no part of the credible profession of Christianity is with many an insult to common sense. Dictation is unavailable; and to his own Master each must stand or fall.

Years elapsed. Two deacons at length were sent to take the first and second steps in reference to excommunication. Their report was made at a meeting of the Church, August 26th, 1828, and a vote of withdrawment was adopted, to be made public on the following Lord's day, September 7th, 1828.

At the close of the minutes, it is added:

"We therefore declare her connection with us, as a sister in the Church, to be at an end; and withdraw from her our watch and fellowship, till such time as she, renouncing her errors, shall return to us by repentance.

"Attest: JOHN WOODBRIDGE, Pastor."

The sister, hitherto universally beloved as a Christian, is here left an impenitent sinner.

It will here be proper to say, then, that the sister thus dealt with was "Elizabeth W., the wife of the Rev. Dan Huntington."

In a spirit of serious and deliberate inquiry, it is to be asked whether our churches, in the exercise of the authority assumed, are not in the habit of departing widely from the simplicity of the Gospel, in excommunication, the ultimate act of discipline. Can an exemplary Christian, once admitted to the Church, be excommunicated from it,—cut off,—cast out,—no longer to be thought of within the precincts of faith, hope, or charity? With the Bible before us, this is a serious question.

Let nothing which has been said, or which may be said, on this subject, be construed to the disparagement of discipline, in all its legal latitude. Discipline is essential to the order of the Church. It is essential to the very existence of all regularly organized bodies. The family, the school, civil society, cannot prosper without it. To err is human. Order is Heaven's first law. To correct error, and restore the wandering in the spirit of meekness and love, is beautiful. It may be mistaken in its object, and carried too far.

"What shall be done with the offending brother?" said the good old Deacon, in Vermont, to his neighbor. "Why," said the neighbor, "the rule is to forgive, till seventy times seven." "True," said the Deacon, "but we have used all that up."

Probably the Deacon was mistaken. There is hope for the backslider, while the day of our probation is continued. It is painful to resort to the rod; but if it is used, let it be sanative, rather than vindictive; reformatory, rather than punitive. But once, properly used, let it be gone through with. Firmness and consistency in a good cause are always commendable. Guilt and punishment must go together. But if afterward it should appear that the supposed delinquent had suffered wrongfully, let those that did the wrong cheerfully acknowledge it; and with a disposition in the purport of which they themselves may hope for forgiveness, in the great day of account. Let it never be forgotten, that parental, fraternal, evangelical discipline is one thing; — usurpation, injustice, spiritual pride, sectarian bitterness, under the dictation of tyranny and envy, the injection of the Devil, is another.

Thus far, my dear children, we find the venerable object of our affections, in the midst of her trials, on high ground. Her character, where she was known from childhood, was without a blot. She joined the Church in her youth, on the ground of a credible profession and self-dedication; and through evil report and good report maintained that profession till her dying day.

By self-dedication and a credible profession, she became one with God in Christ, as the Vine and Branch are one. In all humility, she numbered herself with the elect of God, called, and chosen, and faithful, an “heir of God, and joint heir with Christ Jesus, to the heavenly inheritance.” Wherever she has been known, she has been regarded as a true-hearted Christian; a person of uniform, visible, eminent, and consistent piety.

Of course she maintained her standing in the Church militant, as well after she was recorded no longer a member of the Church of Hadley, as before, and as such was entitled to communion at the Lord’s table, and was never elsewhere denied the privilege. This I find in accordance with the sentiments of an Orthodox minister of high standing, in a sermon of his, lately printed, addressed to his Church in Farmington, Ct., where he says: “To have communion at the table of the Lord is the privilege of all who have ‘communion in the body and blood of the Lord,’ i. e. of all Christians. To exclude an acknowledged Christian from this ordinance is to belie, in act, your own acknowledgment in words. It is virtually to exclude him or her from the household of faith; to say, in the most emphatic manner possible, that you do not regard

him or her as having with you 'communion in the body and blood of the Lord'; and it tends to a corresponding separation of feeling and action. This is destructive of all union, harmony, and love among brethren." "It is the command of Christ to every disciple of his, 'This do in remembrance of me.'" "If Christ himself bids you come, who has a right to debar you? If you are debarred by any Church of Christ, you are denied your rights, and grossly insulted." Thus far Dr. Porter speaks, and speaks the truth.

We have before us a member of the Church that no brother or sister could ever expect to see excommunicated, any more than they could expect to see the body of their Redeemer dismembered; who of course never was excommunicated by any Bible rule, and never could be; and therefore we see that the record made in the Church at Hadley, of their withdrawalment of their watch from her, August 26th, 1828, was a failure and a falsity. The excommunication is announced, but not done with. The minutes must have a more thorough review.

At the commencement of the session, we took care to let our self-constituted judges know how little respect we had for their adjudications, and that we had not come there because we were "cited" at a certain time, but, knowing them to be together, we wished to see them on our own concerns, upon the business there referred to. It was not business we did not expect, or which we very much dreaded.

We were informed we were there on a complaint, regularly presented by two of their deacons, from which it was set forth that the halting sister had been twice admonished; I was glad they did not say faithfully and tenderly admonished. I happened to be present, if not at both times, once certainly, and both saw and heard all that was done. I heard no admonitions; no proposal for prayer; no charges; no ratiocinations; but while in flippant conversation, upon indifferent subjects, they both appeared more engaged in discussing a dish of choice fruit, on the sideboard, than the business on which I supposed they were sent. If it were not too serious a subject, I should say it was all downright insincerity, untruthfulness, and trifling; that either it was all meant for a sham, or they did not reveal what was in their hearts, or they did not know their mission.

The subject is indeed a serious one; but after all there is a good deal in it that is farcical. The system of espionage in churches,

managed by standing committees, not always men of superior discernment, to look up the delinquencies of others, rather than to examine their own hearts and lives, is no new thing under the sun. A limb of the beast, it has been found a very convenient engine of prelacy in all ages. It was here, as we have seen, the beginning of an outrageous assault. In a free intercourse with our friends, in private circles, the subject was talked over, ever and anon; and I never could find that there were a half-dozen men, nor half that number of women, in the Church, that ever expressed a wish for excommunication. On the contrary, finding that it was to be tried for, astonishment and sorrow of heart in secret were apparently the prevailing emotions.

At the last meeting we attended, the number present was very small, and the countenances of those we met at the door, when we entered, left no doubt as to their wishes; though how to express them seemed to be difficult. In regard to the votes, on the minutes, and the charges there brought forward, it will be observed, that they are all pronounced "unanimous"! Considering the small number present, there was no need of any mistake on the subject. But why not pursue the course taken in other public bodies, by calling for "contrary minds"? This, I have been told, was not done; and that the brother who, respectfully rising, said he doubted the vote, was grossly insulted by being sternly replied to, "It is a vote; please, sir, to take your seat." Upon the ground of some of the old platforms, I believe the moderator might consider himself one half of the Church; so that if the moderator should observe one hand raised, though it was the hand of Judas Iscariot, he need look no further for a majority, putting up his own! I do not know that this was the principle upon which those votes were now pronounced "unanimous." From all I can gather, in conversation with those present, I do not believe there has ever been anything like "unanimity" on the subject, in the Church or out of it, in the town or in the community at large. And yet there it stands, with an unblushing front, four or five times repeated, on the minutes of the Church, "unanimously."

Where is the justice of a forced "unanimity"? I am aware, that, when harshness and hastiness have been ascribed to the moderator, he has taken refuge in the milder term used in the minutes, of the "withdrawment" of the sister from the Church, and of their "withdrawing" their fellowship from her.



In this case there was no such distinction. Whatever name they have given it, the act and the instrument are just what they were intended to be from the beginning, and nothing more nor less, and what the sister was then told it must come to. It was placing her, as an impenitent sinner, where in the estimation of her prosecutors she deserved to be, a culprit, and whence she never could return, but by placing herself before her confessors in the attitude of a repenting suppliant. It was excommunication in the common acceptance of the term. If they gave it a milder name, it was because they probably thought it was as far as they could go safely; excommunication, as a man of humor expressed it, upon "the low-pressure principle." A crisis this, unexpected and appalling. Sustained, however, as she was, by the light of God's countenance, and conscious integrity, it was met without a murmur or a sigh. The wreck of former friendships and associations is painful, but not always without solace. Call this separation what you will, be the intention and result of the conduct of her persecutors as they may, she did not think of any withdrawal, till told her presence and further communion with her were not desired.

They thus compelled her to withdraw; and then made that withdrawal a crime, for which nothing she could do would atone; and thus it became one of the two charges brought against her.

The other charge on the minutes is the denial of the doctrine of the Trinity, and the Supreme Deity of our adorable Saviour.

What I have just been saying, is to help you, my dear children, to understand more fully, as we have it from the Bible, the theology of excommunications. To impress this upon your minds is my design in what follows. A perfectly fair Christian character is here brought before a self-instituted tribunal. The punishment to be inflicted, capital. The judges, who are also witnesses and executioners, must be trained with adroitness. Public opinion must be brought up to the work. A failure, in such a case, would be fatal. An offensive war and an eight year's siege were the result. Communion seasons, preparatory lectures, funeral occasions, and conference meetings were found peculiarly favorable to the drill; where, with the flourish of trumpets and missiles, together with the free use of "damnation," as an embellishment of speech, the commander-in-chief is in his element. In such a state of society, where is the security, for a moment, for justice, honor, and good brotherhood? A good character grossly scandalized! A



professed and exemplary Christian insulted and banished from her mother Church, under the guise of zeal for the glory of God, and by men with the inscription upon their phylacteries, "I am holier than thou!"

What a specimen this of church government, irresponsible, absolute, tyrannical, infallible! — having it well understood, *in terrorem*, that whatsoever by them is bound on earth is bound in heaven! What, then, can be here more appropriate than to introduce the character of the one thus assailed, who is now no more with us in the body?

It is in the words and from the heart of one who knew her well.  
*Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh.*

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#### A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF MRS. ELIZABETH WHITING HUNTINGTON.

Reared among the refined and genial influences of a rural New-England home, her character early exhibited the graces and virtues of such a training. It is the testimony of those who knew her best, that her maidenly life was marked by a goodness that corresponded with the beauty of her person, — by a conscientious attention to her appropriate duties, by filial obedience and veneration, joined with great amiability in society, and by an animation that never transgressed the line of feminine delicacy.

A few years before her marriage, while as yet she was a young woman, her religious experience became clear and decided, and on the day of an annual public Fast, on a written paper, a copy of which still remains in the family, she made a solemn and touching dedication of herself to God, through Christ; at the same time connecting herself with a body of communicants in the church at Hadley.

This sacred covenant it was her practice to renew, in form, with the most thorough examination and fervent prayer, at the recurrence of each anniversary of her first vow, until the day of her death.

By a very striking coincidence, her death took place on one of those anniversaries; her spirit left her body, at sunset, on the evening of April 6th, 1847. Thus the terms of an earthly consecration were exchanged for the glorious society of Heaven; on the

same day that admitted her to the Body of Christ below, she entered the Church of the First-Born, and had open vision for the written word.

From the date of her spiritual renewal, it was her custom to keep a journal, where she recorded from time to time some of her deepest emotions and holy resolutions. These writings, happily preserved in her family, are fragrant with a pure, simple, and unaffected piety. They reveal no less than her daily life a constant feeling of dependence on the guidance of her Heavenly Father; a strong and ardent personal affection for her Saviour; much humility and self-distrust, with an unfailing earnestness in all the practical labors of the Christian disciple.

She was in the habit of observing all special occasions in her family, like the birthdays of children, their departure from home, their entrance on any new scene or employment, as well as public religious appointments, by peculiar devotional exercises. Not infrequently these were accompanied by fasting.

(I am happy here to add, what no one else would so well know, that in answering to professional calls, as an Evangelist, and, as the case might be, from home several days at a time, I could be absent without the least anxiety, leaving, as sole head, one so competent to fill her station. The heart of her husband safely trusted in her. She was the best-beloved of her children, the confidante of her domestics, the friend of all. As the sentinel, financier, and steward, with their respective responsibilities,—at the head of a numerous family, of almost every age, in minority,—she was always precisely in her place, doing good to all, as she had opportunity. Religious order never was suspended or interrupted for the want of one who was able and willing to take the lead. Thus fulfilling the duties of her several relations, it could not be otherwise than that she should be highly respected and beloved by all who knew her. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, but the woman that feareth the Lord,—let her works speak for her. But we will follow on, in the words of our biographer.)

If there was any trait that distinguished her life above all others, it was her frequency at the throne of grace. Her faith in the efficacy of prayer knew no bounds. Every day large portions of her time were set apart for silent communion with God, and nothing was allowed to intrude into the privacy and sanctity of those hours. Rejecting with emphasis the poor notion, that the only benefit of

our supplication at the throne of grace is its reflex action on the soul, she held the cheerful faith, that whatever we may rightly desire ought to be made the subject of prayer; and that if we ask believing, we do actually receive from a hearing and answering God. In every respect her religion was of the Scriptural type. The foundation of her hopes was a "Thus saith the Lord." She leaned on the Divine promises. Whatever she heard or read that had a tendency to detract from the sanctity of Christian institutions, the strict observance of the Sabbath, or doctrines truly evangelical, or a high standard of morals or manners, distressed her exceedingly.

The ecclesiastical cruelty that pursued her year after year, through aggravated evasions and falsehoods, and that ended at last in her excommunication, she bore with saintly forbearance. Throughout, her Christian character remained unsullied, without a reproach or a shadow. It seemed even to gain strength and beauty by the bitter trial. Subsequently she was in communion with the Unitarian Church at Northampton, till her death.

The bereavements in the circle of her children began with the death of her youngest daughter, Catherine, August 15th, 1830, at the age of thirteen. This, and the similar sorrows that followed it, in the departure of Whiting, Mary, and Edward, were afflictions that laid a heavy burden on her tender motherly affections. In connection with severe physical illness and prostration, they sometimes brought her spirit to a temporary depression, apparently bordering on derangement. But no grief ever obscured her trust in the Lord. She knew that, through suffering, the soul is made perfect. The disciple was willing to partake of the Master's cup. She knew in whom she had believed. The clouds were dispersed. No portion of her life was more serene and tranquil, more filled with the peace that passeth understanding, and the joy of believing, than her later years. She often dwelt with lively satisfaction and joyful gratitude on the precious fact that, in her lifetime, all the beloved children for whom she had watched and prayed, and whom she had consecrated in baptism, gave reasonable evidence of a distinct and personal adoption of the Christian faith.

One of the most prominent and impressive traits of her strongly-marked nature was her philanthropy. Hardly one of the great causes of moral reform failed to enlist her cordial interest. Indeed, she commonly espoused their principles, and sought every possible

means of studying and impressing them. Her high intellectual power, her moral enthusiasm, and her steady perseverance, uniformly enabled her to bring over to the side of her convictions those about her. Thus she was one of the pioneers of her neighborhood in the cause of peace, of antislavery, and temperance. Nor was her concern confined to distant and general evils. There was a beautiful consistency in her character. She was continually seeking out the poor, the ignorant, the vicious and unhappy in her district, and devising modest and efficient plans for their good. And these plans she carried out with surprising energy. The latest designs she formed were for the moral and religious instruction of some destitute and colored children; and the last toil of her enfeebled hands was spent in preparing some article of comfort for an orphan.

Her final illness was painful, and continued more than a year. Her confidence in the Father's love was perfectly undisturbed. Her accustomed piety was too deep and too sincere to glimmer into any unnatural transports. She anticipated minutely the circumstances of her finally falling asleep, with entire composure. When asked for some specific expression of her expectation of heaven, she answered, with characteristic modesty, "It would be unbecoming an unworthy disciple, like me, to be quoted hereafter. My hope of heaven is clear, and I thank God that the glories of that state are not more fully revealed; for then, I fear, I should be only too impatient to be there."

Her strongest desire to be released from the agony of her disorder was uttered, after a weary night, in the words of the patriarch, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." Reminded of the loved ones who had gone before her, she replied, "O yes, I shall look them all up." Nothing could be more delightful than her genial and affectionate intercourse with her family. Home was the chief scene of her joy and activity. Her children will always remember her gentle thoughtfulness in their behalf; her tender consideration for their childish or maturer anxieties; her careful provisions for their comfort, when they went away; her cordial welcome, when they came back; her wise and timely counsels, whether by letters or by speech;—above all, the delicate tact and success with which she communicated to them her own finer feelings, and kindled in them nobler aspirations.

Her mental powers and accomplishments were of a high order.



She had a rare ability in stamping her ideas on other minds. Through all her busy life, crowded with the cares of training eleven children, besides many voluntary engagements, she maintained a constant daily habit of reading the best books. She sang in an excellent, musical voice, and occasionally accompanied herself on the guitar. One of the great privileges of her children was to gather about her, and hear her sing sacred songs, on Sunday evenings, — chief of which was the Bethlehem hymn, beginning,

“ When, marshalled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky,” &c.

She had also an ardent and intelligent admiration of nature, cultivated doubtless by the peculiar richness and beauty of the scenery about her paternal residence. She found a never-failing satisfaction in flowers and birds; in all the natural changes of the earth and sky, through this lovely valley and over those graceful hills.

Looking out upon the verdure of June, through the open window of the room, during her last sickness, she repeated the familiar stanza:—

“ If God hath made this world so fair  
Where sin and death abound,  
How beautiful beyond compare  
Will Paradise be found ! ”

But vigorous and active as her intellect was, her chief glory was her large and holy heart. She loved righteousness and truth better than any creed or sect. She loved those her Heavenly Father permitted her to call her own, with a constancy and tenderness that no language can represent. She loved the Lord her God with all her soul; she loved her neighbor as herself. “The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no torment touch them.”

The scene now changes from earth to heaven. She who has been the persecuted sufferer here has taken her place among the martyrs in glory, who, in white robes, with palms in their hands, constitute that cloud of witnesses, and who at times look down upon us with an influence that is their own, as an “evidence of things unseen,” — showing us names of redeemed souls, here recorded in



dishonor, now written in the Lamb's Book of Life, — ministering to them who are heirs of salvation.

That there should be the intercourse between this and the spiritual world that is usual in the present life, is not to be believed or wished for. Still, I believe that something corresponding to this is neither incredible nor undesirable. It is refreshing to believe, that one who has been a co-worker in the labors of a long life of piety, does not forget us in a future state. From the relation sustained the greater part of a long life, how consoling to believe I am not forgotten by her! We have been companions in tribulation, and partakers in each other's joys. We have been fellow-laborers through grace, and joint heirs of the hopes and consolations of the Gospel. While together, we have often thought and spoken to one another of the future; and with express reference to an occasional intercourse of friends separated by death. "How pleasant," we have said, "if possible, after the inevitable separation, if the one who should go first might, in some way, signify to the one left, that what we read of in the Bible as to a future state is a reality!" We hoped it might be so.

A year or more had transpired after her departure. One evening, in the family circle, we had been conversing on the dear departed ones of our number, of their present possible enjoyments and employments; and, as we were separating for the night, I observed, "Well, however they may be occupied, they do not tell us much about it; I suspect they are happy enough without us"; and so retired, thinking no more of what was said.

That very night, she who was never inattentive to the wants and reasonable requests of her friends was apparently with me in the room where we had so often been together, in a dress that had been a favorite one with me, and with a familiar countenance. It seemed the morning of a fine summer's day. The doors were shut, and the windows open. Being otherwise busy, I did not notice her entrance. She seemed to have come in at the window, a large and highly ornamented butterfly, a striking emblem, we know, of the resurrection, sweeping in graceful gyrations around her head. We spoke with each other, like old friends, after a long absence. She very soon, and apparently in tears, threw herself on the bed. Taking her by the hand, I asked her what could be the cause of her emotion. She replied, "It grieves me to think you suppose that we who are gone, and no more to return, have forgotten you,

and that we do not care for you. It is wholly a mistake : and it is my desire that you will not another moment indulge the thought." The excitement of the interview awoke me ; and, behold ! it was a dream. Let it pass for what it is. Dreams are sometimes realities. There is a providence in them. They are the subject of revelation. "He that hath a dream, let him tell a dream," and if it confirm his faith and enliven his hopes, let him be thankful for it. If I could have had my own choice as to the manner of such an interview, I can think of no other that I could have preferred.

Hoping that it may have the desired effect, I have no reserve in mentioning another dream of the same kind. Like the former, it was an interview between us, in the same room. A grandchild of ours, an infant, named for her grandmother, who with the rest of the family had spent the summer with us at Hadley, started late in the season for Wisconsin, where the father had an appointment. Being detained by the weather at Buffalo, the family were left there for the winter. The appointment could not be dispensed with. The father made his way as he could. The child died soon after he left Buffalo. At home we had not heard of the death of the child. The dream referred to is this :—I had been out of the room at a certain time, and as I returned, at the foot of the bed, I observed a child, as I supposed, asleep in the crib. I thought nothing of it, and passed, without noticing it, and was proceeding to put off my clothes, when the grandmother, who was seemingly in the bed, observed, "You did not notice our little Elizabeth." I looked into the crib, and the child was there, a corpse. The surprise awoke me. The grandmother and the child — the guardian angel and her charge — were no more to be seen. An unusual experience it was to me ; and, as I awoke, I could not conceive who the little Elizabeth could be, and what it meant. As soon as I could realize it was a dream, I fell asleep, not without thinking, however, that the dream had a meaning. It remained to be pondered the next day and afterward, till we were informed of the death of the child. Upon comparing dates, we found, as nearly as we could determine, that the two events, the death of the child and the interview mentioned, were contemporaneous.

The lesson of the dream is, that the dear ones who leave us are not dead, but gone before ; that the higher life commences at the death of the body ; that heaven is a blessed society of intelligent, happy beings, extending how far within the regions of space illimit-

able we cannot tell; including families and associations, adapted in their organizations to the improvement in knowledge and virtue of all, under their different conditions, who belong to them. If so, there is the little one, with kindred friends and relations, restored to the embraces of parents and other dear departed ones. There are the angels of those spoken of by our Saviour, who behold the face of their Father in heaven, and thence derive such communications as are designed for the training of those committed to their care for higher and still higher enjoyments and employments, world without end. I am glad to have the opinion of such a man as the venerable Doctor Lathrop coinciding with my own.

He says: "There in heaven are such pure and benevolent spirits, who are sent forth, trained to minister to the heirs of salvation; who thus may be prepared to become guardian angels of others, as they arrive; and possibly to be their pioneers, companions, and guides, in a future state." Believing, as we do, that there may be in heaven those who are ministering spirits to those on earth, in whom they feel interested, why may not our departed friends be of the number? The belief of such a doctrine is harmless. The hope is transporting. If imagination claim to itself a portion in these our speculations, it shall have from me its credit in full. By the proper improvement of all the manifestations of a Saviour's love, we may constantly find new motives "to run with patience the race set before us."

For all this I am indebted, under a kind Providence, to one recorded an excommunicate. It is cited not so much, however, to call your attention to a delightful speculation, possibly too much overlooked as we read the Bible, as to impress upon our minds more forcibly the surprising insensibility of all concerned in their conduct toward one of our number who, to those best acquainted with her, living and dying, has given such shining evidence of Gospel sincerity and peculiar nearness to God.

In tracing the above narrative, it has perhaps been repeatedly asked by children and grandchildren: "Grandfather, where have you been all this while? Why were not you and our grandmother both entangled in the meshes spread for you in the excommunication? Were not both equally vulnerable?" The inquiry is pertinent.

We were both equally vulnerable as heretics, but were not both equally at the disposal of the Church in Hadley. She was a mem-

ber of that Church ; I was not. For that reason, in what I have written, I have confined myself very much to what has been said and done by her and her assailants, in the Church. Not having been a member of the Church to which she belonged, I of course have not shared in her martyrdom. Our experience was remarkably the same, in our enlargement of our views, about the same time, of Divine truth, and she had my entire sympathy in every scene of the tragedy. We were both forbidden to commune in the Church of Hadley, where we resided.

While Preceptor of Hopkins Academy, I seldom attended Associations. When I went to attend the one to which I belonged, to request a dismissal, I found our moderator at his post, wide awake. He had not wholly forgotten the strays of his flock. As I went in, I found the Association had Brother Bailey of Pelham, under the same condemnation of heresy, on trial. The first thing I had to do was to request them to suspend operations just long enough to put me on trial with him, and, as time was always precious, that it might be done forthwith. My advice was not taken. In due time, however, I was informed that a committee was appointed to look into the matter. The result, which is on my manuscripts, is not worth transcribing. My correspondence with the committee thus concludes :—

“I shall always be happy to see and to entertain you at my house, and if you and your worthy colleagues think proper to execute your commission, you will commonly find me near home, during the week, and may depend on a civil reception ; though you cannot believe me so destitute of self-respect as to make an appointment with you that will make me in any sense accessory to the views of the Association, in that system of persecution on which they have entered, or amenable to their jurisdiction for my opinions.”

I am always happy to quote the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, who well observes : “There are some that lay great weight upon certain peculiarities which discriminate one sect from another, and denounce as hypocrites, fools, and blind all who cannot adopt the same. This illiberal spirit is often more injurious to true religion than the errors which it reprobates. There are errors of opinion that are inconsistent with religion, and we usually see their effects in a licentious and immoral life. Against these we should contend earnestly. But errors which have no tendency to corrupt the



heart and vitiate the morals, and which do not appear to have this effect, ought to be treated with tenderness and candor."

Again, he says: "We may think a brother has imbibed certain errors unfavorable to religion; what shall we do? Shall we separate him from our company, and deny him all brotherly and ministerial intercourse? No. This will disgust him. This will excite in him a prejudice against us. This will place him at a greater distance from us. Every man loves society; especially the society of those of the same profession. If he cannot enjoy it in one place, he will seek it in another. And perhaps he will mingle with some who will confirm him in his errors. By our friendly intercourse and united labors we may be fellow-helpers to the truth. But by reciprocal recriminations and reprisals we shall wound the common cause, and give advantage to the common adversary."

I suppose an excision from the Association followed. I do not recollect receiving any vote of theirs on the subject.

In the discursive thoughts I have been giving you of the origin and progress of this affair, we have seen, in part, how they stand connected with effects and consequences, of what the Church and pastor in Hadley have done, as to their own individual and social happiness. We have endeavored to show them their faces in facts and anecdotes, and more especially in the "glass of God's word," in the Holy Bible.

There were many who have been on the stage of action while the events here related were transpiring, who have gone to their great account, who, if still among us, would not here see their faces, standing aloof, at the time, as they did.

For those that are left, together with those that are coming on to the stage of life among us, I have still a few words to add, as to some of the prominent effects to be expected from such a spirit, thus indulged and cherished in our midst. "This, to show to the house of Jacob the effect of their transgressions," as I am bound to do. The sins of transgressors are sure to find them out, either in this or the world to come. Public bodies, though as such they do not expect to suffer in the life to come, yet as individuals may; and with all their enormities, they are to know that, "though hand join in hand, the wicked among them shall not go unpunished."

The chief wrong that yet remains is the retention, on the church-book of the Hadley parish, of an uncanceled record, which is a virtual expulsion of a holy disciple of the Lord Jesus.



It would not be profitable to pursue the painful subject into all its disgusting details. What is now before us has been given to exhibit fairly, though faintly, the disinterested spirit of one who deserves to be reckoned among the meek and humble martyrs of a bitter local bigotry, and an unrighteous zeal, under the abused name of religion. The great evil, still abroad in our midst, is the injury inflicted on the cause of evangelical piety and the reproach to which the Church of Christ is exposed, in the estimation of those who are coming forward to take our places. What remains of the storm that has howled around us is the rumbling of the distant thunder after the tempest. The violence of the tempest has subsided, while those among the living who have been most exposed escape, not only unharmed, but are now enjoying the quiet and refreshment of the slumbering infant in the nurse's arms.

"The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." It is surprising to see with what exactness the sacred volume portrays the transgressions of individuals and communities. With its appropriate majesty, with its power and purity, adapting itself, as it does, to every condition of life, with its spiritual destinies, enjoyments, and hopes, it is what we all want to rouse us to diligence and duty. It affords a copious illustration of character in the case before us. See what it says, Third Epistle of John, 9, 10: "I wrote unto the Church, but Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not; therefore will I remember the deeds which he doeth, prating against us with malicious words; and not content therewith, neither doth he himself receive the brethren, and forbiddeth them that would, and casteth them out of the Church."

In the footsteps of the Antichrist of the New Testament, we have a picture of the hateful power to be resisted by every persecuted follower of the Redeemer. Adam Clarke, in his Commentary, says: "Even Protestantism may have its Antichrist, as well as Popery. Every man, every teacher and writer, who, in the exercise of an exclusive, persecuting spirit, opposes the spirit of the Gospel, is a genuine Antichrist, no matter where or among whom he is found."

On a review of what I have presented, I am persuaded that, if the case of discipline had been postponed any longer, it would have

been forgotten in that abyss of the past, where God kindly hides, in mercy, abominable and offensive things, till they may have a hearing before a tribunal of perfect equity, where all secrets will be laid open and exact justice will be meted out.

We may, in the narrative, be taught how our wrong-doing toward others may be followed by being left "to eat of the fruit of our own ways, and being filled with our own devices"; and that in wronging others we wrong ourselves worse. This is now before all who choose to observe it, in the subsequent history of the parish.

### III.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

IN Connecticut I became acquainted with a Congregational body of ministers who, before my connection with them, had silenced one of their number for heterodoxy ; a man of high standing in his profession for character, and otherwise eminent. In free conversation with one of his brethren, he was reported to say that Christianity was all a mummery. The report, I found, was generally spoken of in the vicinity, and was confirmed to me by the brethren, as I generally met them. I could not but believe, I thought I must believe, what was thus reported with entire freedom.

Some time after, the offending brother wrote me, informing me of what he had heard, and wished to know my authority for speaking publicly of him as an Infidel. I informed him in answer, as related above. I verily thought that, in doing as I had done, I was doing my duty to God and man. I acted according to the light I then had ; though now I see it was all untruthfulness, not, however, of my own framing.

With the convictions I now have, I acted and thought wrongly ; inexperienced, incredulous, and duped as I then was, I was doing my brother an injury unawares. I am thankful my life is spared to see and acknowledge the wrong. Several letters were interchanged, and I never knew, till lately, the correspondence was in existence, he and I both having left that part of the country about the same time.

Quite lately the correspondence was observed, by one of our family, in the Law Library of Harvard College. I was not a little surprised, in being told of it, and sent forthwith for the volume, and, according to my recollection, found all right.

It retains authenticity, though not the fairness I expected to see. The aggrieved brother was an injured man ; he knew and

felt it, and wrote under the influence of it; and at the close, putting on his condemning cap, he dealt out their sentence, with an unsparing hand upon all, as he thought they deserved. I was unhappily among the number.

I have no inclination to follow him in his criticisms and animadversions, many of which are one-sided and severe; but all which I am willing now to overlook and forget. It is a lesson which many have yet to learn, that the end does not sanctify the means. From suitable inquiry, I have no doubt it may be known, without much trouble, that the persecuted brother lived and died, from thorough conviction, a Christian Unitarian. In speaking of him, at that time, his brethren and contemporaries might have considered themselves justified in calling him either Apostate, or Unitarian, or Sabellian, or Infidel, using the terms then, as many seem to choose to do now, as interchangeable and synonymous.

This explanation gives a clew to the mischiefs arising from the bandying of scandals; and the inconveniences resulting from a state of society where, by the confusion of tongues, together with a suitable infusion of wounded pride, a band of brothers may be transmuted to a Babel.

With high interest I have read, of late, the labors of the antiquarians of the East, Layard and others, at work in exhuming the splendid relics of ancient times, with all their wealth and magnificence. But in raking open the cinders of controversy, I consider myself as liberating from a confinement of fifty years, as in a Protestant Inquisition, the reputation of a follower of Christ, and fellow-laborer in the ministry of reconciliation. "He is dead, yet speaketh."

At the late gathering of the Consociation of Litchfield County, I perceive, by their allusions to this brother, in some of their speeches, he was not forgotten. A root of bitterness, here and there, still shows itself, yet, I hope, to be eradicated. It is fervently wished it may soon be plucked up, root and branch, no more to be seen in the garden of our God.

The foregoing statement I have transcribed, on a few leaves in manuscript, of a suitable size for the volume in which I found the above correspondence, among other pamphlets, bound and labelled "State Papers," in the Law Library of Harvard College.

## IV.

### SATAN A PERSON.

IN the Second Sermon I declared my belief in the existence of a personal Devil. There are in the world incarnate devilish influences, more than enough to be spoken of or thought of with indifference. But they will never hurt those who will not wrong themselves. As to cursing those who are blessed of the Lord, we cannot do it, with all our aspersions and reproaches. "The wise shall inherit glory." "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself," and "If thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it."

We are called upon to "resist the Devil," as a powerful, personal, and successful enemy. As has been already avowed, such a character must be allowed. We occasionally meet with those who tell us, "they are not ignorant of his devices." I have known of this class some of the purest, most perfect minds I ever knew. And it is necessary, I suppose, to some, in some such way, to know something of the subtlety of the Adversary, that they may prize the love and sufficiency of Him to whom all devils are subject, "who is the wisdom of God and the power of God to salvation." The Bible is full of the doctrine, from the beginning to the end of it. There is no difficulty, that I can perceive, in subscribing to the existence of such a being, as a personal evil spirit, with the personal influences ascribed to him in the Bible, as the source of sin in the world, with its attendant evils. Without it, I find it difficult to account for what has been passing in review before us.

I have only to add my own experience in the earliest stages of moral agency, which is probably the period most favorable to his injections. In that experience, now perfectly distinct, I recollect temptations, to which if I had yielded, it would have been my undoing.



Little children are often petulant, peevish, and headstrong in their behavior, manifesting turbulent and wicked passions; they are undutiful and disobedient, approaching "that rebellion which is as the sin of witchcraft." They are unreasonable, in persisting to ask for things they must not have; and in expressing wishes that cannot be gratified. In this they must be unfavorably noticed, frowned upon, chastised, and severely so; according as their offences are aggravated. Parents understand this, and, if faithful, will not, from a feigned tenderness, fail to inflict severity. I can remember, perfectly well, when this was my lot; and O the dreadful thought! the inveterate hatred, for the time being! the horrid oaths and imprecations suggested, which I longed to utter, but dared not venture!

Again; I remember, when going to school alone, I once clambered over the wall into a neighbor's garden, fenced in from the street, and pulled up by the roots a number of fine, flourishing plants. I know not how many, nor for what reason I did it; a manifest temptation of the Wicked One. It was not premeditated, the perpetration of the act; it was not accompanied with any sort of gratification; it was never thought of afterward but with self-condemning disgust. It was very much so, as to following bad examples in school.

I do not believe I ever uttered swearing, cursing, profane words in my life; but I remember when I longed to do it. In going home from school, some of the boys, at times, were in high spirits, showed off in the utterance of foul speeches; all indicative of something brave and manly. So it seemed to them, and so it appeared to me. And O how I longed to imitate them! Nobody can tell the horrid conflict I endured,—the effect of a religious education, doubtless, coming in competition with the wiles of the Adversary through the medium of a bad example. Very much the same emotions I had to contend with, reading in the Primer the dialogue of "Christ, Youth, and the Devil." I was for a long time inclined to think, what I knew to be wrong, that the latter had the best of the argument.

Though often tried in this way, I cannot sufficiently praise that adorable grace, which, in conjunction with the institutions of a Christian education, I hope has led me to say, in some measure, habitually, in the hour of temptation, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

The Devil is never more at home than he is sometimes in Church discipline and ecclesiastical councils, such as those before which we have been severely tried. He has displayed himself more adroitly in this than in any other field of action that I have been personally acquainted with. His success in Eden was wonderful; and from that time has continued to work on, in greater and smaller events, till he drove the swine into the depths of the sea. Therefore, in whatever shape he comes to us, from whatever quarter, or under whatever disguise, we ought to feel the force of the old motto, *Obsta principiis*, and to remember that our Father in heaven is a prayer-hearing God. If his emissaries persist in infringing upon our rights and privileges and comforts, we must persist in calling upon them to show their credentials; if they cannot do this, we must be excused from attempting to show their impotency and presumption, their usurpation and devilishness. We are not to suffer ourselves to become a prey to the sophistry and sorcery of evil spirits, with our eyes open, without a rebuke. Their stratagems may be baffled, if suitably resisted.

The Devil may blind the eyes, pamper the pride, and inflate the vanity and selfishness of thousands and tens of thousands, who listen to his enticements. Nevertheless, "The foundation of the Lord standeth sure; the Lord knoweth them that are his." How? By their discipleship. Not, you observe, by their "vain babblings," by their "striving about words to no profit, but to the subverting of the minds of their hearers"; not by their professions, their creeds, and their denunciations; but by their religious experience. "Let every man that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." Moral agents must be known by their character, and by it will stand or fall in the great day of account. "The Lord knoweth them that are his." He knoweth what they have done in the cause of truth, and they never will be forgotten.

This world in which we live is designed by its Author as a nursery for heaven,—an illustrious theatre for the display of his character, in the work of redemption. It is a world of trial, temptation, and sin, as it necessarily must be. From everything around us, a voice comes to us, from the beginning, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

An antagonistic power, the Adversary, in some of his agencies, has always been ready to show himself in his appropriate character, saying, "All these things will I give you, if you will fall down and

worship me." With some he has been successful; with others not. The progenitors of our race, though they yielded to the first assault, were not left to perish in disobedience. In the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," they were pointed to a Hope which, "like an anchor to the soul, is both sure and steadfast," and not in vain.

From the first period, we gather but little information from the sacred records, for many hundred years; but enough to show that the wickedness of man was great upon the earth. Persecution, with its Satanic cognates, was rife. In the companionship of Abel, and Enoch, and Noah, however, it must be believed that many "walked with God," and many sons and daughters of God "were brought home to glory"; but not enough to save the world from a general deluge. The builders of Babel were forthwith confounded in their project. From the family of Noah the whole earth was overspread with inhabitants, with whom God renewed his covenant of mercy. In the history of Abraham, the father of the faithful, and of his descendants, the patriarchs and prophets of the chosen people of God and their tribes, we have the history of the Church, and the progress of the work of redemption, to the Christian era.

There is little to be gathered from the Old Testament on the subject upon which I have been writing to you. The New Testament opens with the birth of Him in whom shadows vanish, ceremonies are done away, and who, by the sacrifice of himself, became the Life of the world, the great Reformer and Redeemer of the world.

What He and his followers underwent has taught us what Christians of all coming time had reason to expect; what may be reasonably expected of them, in imitation of his example. See Edwards's "History of Redemption."

We here learn our true position, as candidates for a higher life, in glory, beyond the grave.

At an early period, under the Christian dispensation, we become familiar with sanhedrim, and sects, and synods, and ecclesiastical associations without number.

There are bishops and priests, cardinals, presbyters, and deacons, popes and par-popes, ready enough to officiate, as called upon, down to the times and places in which we live, and with whom we are but too well acquainted in our country parishes. I am sorry to have this to say of any of the order of whom I am one; and who, all of

us, ought to be ministers of God for good, in the stations here assumed by us; in all things approving ourselves, as faithful servants, giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed.

It is that which, all along, I have been endeavoring to impress upon your minds, my dear children, that Christ and his Gospel have nothing to do with a scene of persecution like that with which we have here been conversant. It belongs to another kingdom, under the "Prince of the power of the air, that worketh in the children of disobedience." I feel a responsibility which I must thus avow and reassert. I know, at the same time, that the hand of God is in it. It is designed for our good. I am thankful for it, not at the hand of a persecuting, anathematizing cabinet. I am bound, in the fulfilment of my mission, thus to bear my testimony. It is no new thing under the sun. It is what Christ and his Apostles have gone through before us. The crime brought against *them* was, "They transgressed the tradition of the elders." They opened their eyes to see, and read, and think, and judge for themselves, on religious subjects; we do the same. In this, they were in the minority; so are we. Their place of worship, at the time, was the upper room, their number being one hundred and twenty. Ours has been often about the same. The instrumentalities of their repeated insults and injuries were "the counsels of men," goaded on by the pride of opinion and power. The same traits may be traced in what we have been made to feel.

To accomplish the work, usurpation and tyranny must co-operate. It is the union of Pilate and Herod that makes the majorities that give success to the haughty and designing ones of the earth. Thus situated, we know too well what was done in the earlier ages of Christendom, in the union of Pagan and Christian powers, when the crowns and the sceptres of the Cæsars were laid at the feet of the Roman Pontiff. The Beast and his image, the Man of sin, Babylon, the mother of harlots, the sea and the waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear and expectation of those things that were coming upon the earth,—form some of the graphic features of the Antichrist of Revelation. Church and State united, the powers of heaven were shaken. What was designed to become the kingdom of heaven upon earth became at times the kingdom of the Adversary,—the dragon, that old serpent that drew after him the third part of the stars of heaven. "And there was war in heaven; and Michael and his angels fought against the dragon;



and the dragon fought, and his angels, till the blood flowed, even to the horse bridles." Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands twice told, would fail to tell the number of the souls of the witnesses slain for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus. Christ foresaw the whole, and did not fail to speak of it repeatedly to his disciples. "They shall lay their hands on you, and persecute you, delivering you up to the synagogues and into prisons. Ye shall be betrayed, both by brethren, kinsfolk, and friends." It was prophecy to them; to us it is history. They heard the warning from the mouth of their Master. They soon became the witnesses of the truth he told them. They had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, moreover of bonds and imprisonments. They were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. Stephen was stoned to death, calling on the name of the Lord. The other Apostles followed in quick succession. The blood of the martyrs, however, became the seed of the Church.

Though, in the conflict of ages, the power of the Beast and his image was often prominent, they were never suffered to prevail. In the darkest night that followed, "He who walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks, and holdeth the stars in his right hand," was with them as their guardian and their God. In the reformations under Huss, Luther, Melancthon, Wickliffe, and others, fresh tokens of his love were afforded. The discovery and settlement of America becomes an era in the cause of freedom.

Usurpation and tyranny have taken here a deadly blow. Occasionally, the arrogancy and pretension of councils and consociations show themselves among us; but, in the event, are made to feel their impotency, while those for whom the degradation is intended count it all joy thus to suffer for their Master.

Sorrowing, indeed, the cup of trembling is put into their hands; yet, suffused with the balm of Gilead, that cup becomes fragrant with a joy with which the stranger intermeddleth not; and to the testimony of those who have gone before, they are able to add their own, "as sorrowing, yet always rejoicing."

Such is the picture, in miniature, of a fallen world, — fallen, though not forsaken. It has ever been under the inspection and providence of one who, out of every kingdom, and tongue, and nation, has had a people, as "a seal upon his heart, and a seal upon his arm"; that great multitude which no man can number. "He



had his way in the sea, his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known." "But the end is not yet."

What we know not now, as to many of the dispensations of his providence, we shall know hereafter. Probably the Church on earth has seen her darkest day, and the Accuser of the brethren has received his deadly wound.

## V.

### CREED.

IN connection with the preceding Notes, it may not be thought out of place if I insert a statement of my religious belief, as I have received it from the Word of God. Creeds are capable of great abuse. They may be turned into chains on the human mind, and engines of ecclesiastical persecution. As simple declarations of social or individual faith, they are harmless.

I. I believe in one God, our Father and our Friend, in heaven and in earth, in this and in all worlds, underived, independent, omnipotent, omnipresent, holy in all his ways and in all his works,—the Holy One, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; whose providence is over all the works of his hands, good and evil; who will cause the wrath of man and the rage of devils so to praise him as to subserve the purposes of his righteous government; and will so reward the penitent and humble as that every mouth may be stopped.

II. I believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Immanuel, God with us (Matt. i. 23); Son of Abraham (Matt. i.); Son of David (Matt. i. 1); Son of Mary (Matt. i. 25). I believe in the essential glory of Christ: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men"; "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person." "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth."

I believe in the divine mission of Jesus the Son: that he is the plenipotentiary and vicegerent of God on earth: testifying the truth to us on all important subjects, as to Atonement, Reconciliation, and Redemption brought about by his example, by his holy life, by his sacrificial death, by the fellowship of his sufferings, by the power of his resurrection, agreeably to his own prediction, by his triumphant ascension and prevalent intercessions. I believe that he will be

our final and impartial Judge, and that for all who receive him in faith there is the blessed hope of a life everlasting.

III. I believe in God, the Holy Ghost, the one only Living and True God, the Comforter, Renewer, and Sanctifier of the souls of believers.

IV. I believe that God governs the world by agencies and instrumentalities both good and bad, of all orders and degrees, personal and impersonal, relative and social, ideal and substantial, metaphorical and material,—including the Mediator of the New Covenant, Michael and his angels, holy spirits innumerable, the hundred and forty-four thousand sealed from the twelve tribes of Israel, the elders and the living creatures clothed in white robes, with palms in their hands, having the seals of the Living God,—the spirits of those who have dwelt with us here in the body, and who have so accomplished the period of the probation here assigned them as to be ministering spirits around the throne of God on high, whose business it may be to minister to those who are heirs of salvation,—the Guardian Angels of those destined to a blessed immortality, to welcome them home to a glory that awaits them beyond the grave.

These on the one hand. On the other, —

V. I believe in the existence of the Devil and his angels, “that old serpent,” known since the Fall as the Man of Sin, Antichrist, and the Babylon of the Bible ; and as the Beelzebub, in Pandemonium, of Milton, with his “dominations, thrones, principedoms, virtues, and powers,” — the infidelity of Rome heathen and Rome Christian, the Delusion of the False Prophet in the horrors of Popery, down to the tribunals, and ecclesiastical councils, and Protestant usurpation and tyranny of our own day. Amen.

## VI.

### GENEALOGIES.

"THESE SOUGHT THEIR REGISTER AMONG THOSE THAT WERE RECKONED BY GENEALOGY." — Nehemiah vii. 64.

#### HUNTINGTON.

I BEGIN with an extract from a letter of Joseph Huntington, D. D., of Coventry, Connecticut, to his brother, Eliphalet Huntington, of Windham.

"Near the close of the reign and tragical death of Charles the First, king of Great Britain, i. e. near the year 1640, the Original Stock of our family, in America, who was a citizen of Norwich, in England, and a religious Puritan, under persecution (with many others, in those days), with his wife and three sons, embarked for America. His name was Simon Huntington. This good man was grandfather to your grandfather and mine. He was near fifty years of age, and his wife some years younger. Their three sons were in the bloom of youth. Their names were Christopher, Simon, and Samuel. They made their course for the mouth of the Connecticut River.\* But our progenitor, being seized with a violent fever and dysentery, died within sight of the shore, whither he was brought, and now lies buried, either in Saybrook or Lyme, as both towns were but one at first.

"His widow, our grandfather's grandmother, was a lady of good family, piety, and virtue, had a valuable fortune, left her in money, and not long after she married a gentleman in Windsor, which town was settled almost as early as any in Connecticut. His name

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\* In some of these particulars, this account differs from that of the careful historian of the Huntington Family, — Rev. E. B. Huntington of Stamford, Connecticut, — whose elaborate work is soon to appear in print.

was Stoughton. *There* the good lady finished her life, in affluence and comfort.

“The three sons settled first in Saybrook; but soon after, the younger, named Samuel, moved into New Jersey, and settled there, in Newark, where there is a respectable family of our name and kindred, though not very numerous in the branches of it.

“Not long after the settlement of our ancestors at Saybrook, the venerable Mr. Fitch came over, to take the pastoral charge of them.

“Soon after this, they made the discovery of the township we call Norwich, and which they so named in regard to the city Norwich, in England, from which the most respectable part of them came.

“The people began to emigrate from Saybrook to Norwich, in considerable numbers, and dearly loved their minister. A warm contention arose between the emigrants and those that remained at Saybrook, with regard to their minister, which Mr. Fitch decided very wisely. He told them that he had a dear love for them all; but that he could do no other than to cleave to the major part, wheresoever their residence might be. Accordingly, as the greater part of his charge soon removed to Norwich, he also settled there; was the first minister of that town, a faithful and worthy servant of Christ, and a friend to the souls of men. Laboring many years in the sacred work, till old age deprived him of further usefulness, he then removed to Lebanon, and there the good man died. He was the progenitor of all that bore the name in Norwich, and the towns adjacent.

“But to return to our family. About the time that Samuel, before mentioned, removed to Newark, the other two brethren came to Norwich, Connecticut, namely, Christopher and Simon, and there lived in piety, honor, and prosperity, to a good old age.

“The sons of Christopher were Christopher, Thomas, and John. The sons of this last-mentioned Christopher were Isaac, Jabez,† Matthew, Hezekiah, John, and Jeremiah. The sons of Thomas were Thomas, Jedediah, Christopher, Eliezer, William, and Simon. John left but one son, bearing his own name.

“This, you will note, brings the family of our pedigree down, in one branch of it, to a collateral line with your father and mine, i. e. in the *branch of Christopher*, who was the son of Simon, who was the Original Stock of all who bear the name in this country.



"I next acquaint you with the other branch, the *branch Simon*, son of the original Simon, from which you and I have our descent direct. His sons were Simon, Joseph, *Samuel*,† Daniel, and James. The sons of the last-mentioned Simon were Simon, Ebenezer, and Joshua. The sons of Joseph were Joseph, Nathaniel, Jonathan, David, and Solomon. The sons of *Samuel* were Samuel, Caleb, John, and Simon. The sons of Daniel were Daniel, Jonathan, and Benjamin. The sons of James were James, Peter, and Nathaniel.

"With regard to that branch in New Jersey, descended from Samuel, son of the original Simon, he left one son, Samuel by name, on a collateral line with our grandfather Joseph. This Samuel had three sons, Thomas, Simon, and Samuel, which were on a collateral line with your grandfather and mine. This is an account of all the male issue of our family, from the original Simon down to our own immediate parent, and contains a series of about a century and a half. We have kindred of the same name, now in England, and among them some very respectable; as the family was at the time of the emigration of our ancestors. A brother of the original Simon, whose name was Samuel, was Captain of the King's Life-Guard, and much in his favor. With regard to the succeeding branches of our family in this country, they were somewhat numerous, though not so much dispersed as some other families."

What follows below consists of remarks and recollections of my own.

*Jabez*, with this mark (†), one of the five brothers, *sons of the second Christopher*, must have been *the father*, I think, of a distinguished branch of *five brothers*, General Jedediah Huntington of New London, General Zechariah of Norwich, General Ebenezer, Colonel Joshua, and Andrew, of Norwich. Of these, *Jedediah* was Surveyor of Customs at New London; his sons, Joshua and Daniel, were distinguished preachers. *Ebenezer* was a Representative in Congress. *Joshua* was a Sheriff of the County; his only child married Hon. Frederick Wolcott of Litchfield. *Jabez*, son of Zechariah, was United States Senator. One of the daughters of *Jabez* † married Colonel Chester of Wethersfield; another married Rev. Dr. Strong of Norwich, Ct.

In my own line of ancestors, I now go back to *Samuel* (marked †).

He was the father of *Samuel*, my grandfather, Caleb, Simon, and John; and of two daughters, one the mother of Dr. John Clark of

Lebanon, and of Colonel James Clark, a Revolutionary hero; the other the mother of *Simon Clark* of Exeter.

The children of my grandfather stand thus:—*Samuel*, a preacher; m. Cowdry, had one son, Samuel. Rev. *Eliphalet* of Killingworth; m. Elliot, had one son, Joseph. *Oliver*; m. Lynde, had four sons and four daughters. *William\**, my father, had two sons and four daughters. *Jonathan*, m. Seldon, had two sons and two daughters; in old age m. a widow of Fairfield County. *Josiah*, m. Gilbert, a second wife, had four sons and two daughters. *Eleazar*, m. Widow Pitkin, had one son and one daughter. *Three daughters* of Samuel; one m. Rev. J. Porter of Bridgewater, Mass.; one m. Rev. Eleazar May of Haddam, had a large family; one a Harvey of East Haddam, and had several children.

*Mr. Porter* had two sons, *ministers*; Mr. May one, *Hezekiah*, and three other sons, *John*, Eleazar, and Huntington.

These are the family of my father, William\* Huntington, and my mother, his wife, Bethia Throop: *Mary*, who married Rev. Walter Lyon of Pomfret, Ct., Abington Society. Their only child, Huntington (who m. Maria Warner), now deceased, left a son, Samuel, and Eliza Fitch, who m. T. P. Huntington, my fifth son.

*Wealthy*, m. S. Fitch, and had four children, Wealthy, Elizabeth, Thomas, Marietta, and Eleazar. *William*, m. Mary Gray; had five sons and three daughters. *Rhoda*, m. Rev. William Lyman, D. D.; had three sons and five daughters. *Eunice*, m. Mason; had six daughters and one son, John. *Dan*, who married Elizabeth Whiting Phelps.

The ancestral line of this, my wife, E. W. P. Huntington, back through the Porters, the Pitkins, the Whitings, to the Gregsons, is very direct. We have in our house a pillow-case, with the initials of *John Whiting* and *Phebe Gregson*. They were married at New Haven, 1673. It was her father, Thomas Gregson, who was lost at sea in 1646 or 1647, in the famous ship that was subsequently supposed to be seen in New Haven harbor, after the prayer-meeting held in behalf of the crew.

The family of D. Huntington and wife are, —

I. *Charles Phelps*, married Helen Sophia Mills (deceased), and Ellen Greenough. Their children (only those that survive are included) are Helen Frances, Charles Whiting, Elijah Hunt Mills, Mary Elizabeth, Edward Stanton, by the first marriage; and Henry Greenough and Laura Curtis, by the second.

II. *Elizabeth Porter*, married George Fisher. Their children are Elizabeth Phelps (married John Sessions, and has three little ones\*), Frederic Pitkin and Francis Porter, twins (the latter married Ann Eliza Crane), George Huntington, Catherine Whiting, and Edward Thornton.

III. *William Pitkin*, married Lucy Edwards. Their children are Lucy Bethia, William Edwards, Helen Maria, Catherine Frances, Frederic Sargent, and Flora.

IV. *Bethia Throop*.

V. *Edward P.* (deceased), married Helen M. Williams.

VI. *John Whiting* (deceased).

VII. *Theophilus Parsons*, married Eliza F. Lyon. Their children are Walter Elliot, Maria Whiting, and Edward Dwight.

VIII. *Theodore Gregson*, married Elizabeth Sumner.

IX. *Mary Dwight*, deceased.

X. *Catherine Carey*, deceased.

XI. *Frederic Dan*, married Hannah Dane Sargent, and their children are George Putnam, Arria Sargent, and James Otis Sargent.

#### THROOP.

All I know of the family of Throop is from the Regicide forward, and is found in a Genealogical Tree, which I have had by me for many years. At the root of that tree stand, or ought to stand, — I. Adrian Scrope, Regicide; II. William, his son; III. William, John, and Dan, sons of William. Dan was probably the grandfather of my mother, Bethia Throop.

There seems to have been a very decided partiality, among my progenitors and contemporaries, for this monosyllable, there being no less than five or six Dans in a direct line; probably out of respect for that one out of the twelve tribes denominated the *Lion's Whelp*. My grandfather, the third or fourth from the original stock, was from Bristol, R. I., quite early in the eighteenth century. He planted down, on a beautiful eminence in Lebanon, about two miles east from the meeting-house, where there was enough for him and three sons, all of them having large families, and comfortable domiciles, and friendly, happy hearts. The number of slaves he brought with him from Bristol was two or three too many. In my childhood and youth I loved dearly to visit them, and to have their

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\* Elizabeth Huntington, Clara Fisher, and Addie.

visits in return, at my own happy home. (From Bristol also came my grandmother, Susan Carey.)

In their character, embracing two or three generations, I have found the Throops ingenuous, sincere, and open-hearted. They took everything easily. They were social, gregarious, fond of good humor and good living. In Lebanon they were agriculturists, very much a neighborhood by themselves; industrious, I believe, but never in a hurry about their business.

In Litchfield I found a branch of this family that I never heard of before, in a style of life rather clannish. They lived in a remote village, on a fine tract of land; husbandmen, but notoriously hunters; well equipped, of course, with traps, fowling-pieces, of all sorts, with appropriate ammunition for the game afforded by the country, which at that time was not in great abundance. There was no lack of the canine species, from the terrier to the greyhound. And though fond of the chase, and probably with aristocratic blood in their veins, that blood did not show itself exactly in the style of the Old English nobility.

It was said of them, that they thus lived together, worked and sported together, property all in common, to the third and fourth generation. It was not uncommon to see a dozen or more of them hoeing a small patch of potatoes, or fencing a haystack. If any game was started, be it what it might, raccoon, woodchuck, squirrel, or rabbit, each would drop his tool, man and boy, join in the chase, and if the game mounted, they were all ready for a shot, or if it betook itself to mother earth for a shelter, neither hoe nor spade was wanting to disinter it; and if the rest of the day was necessary to accomplish the enterprise, no time was lost, especially if success might be the result. And if, with such habits and propensities, their business did not go ahead, and the community was not affluent, they were easy with the thought that they enjoyed what was given them as they went along, and that they had not the overplus of much property to be plagued with. And I must say, that, when I became acquainted with the establishment, Fourierism among them had rather the outward appearance of dilapidation. I went out, occasionally, for a lecture in their neighborhood; they gave me a good audience, and good fare, and a hearty farewell.

The Throops, in their persons, so far as I recollect, have been of a manly stature, well proportioned, comely, and naturally graceful in their bearing. I remember among them an uncommon proportion of handsome women, and good singers. One feature, some-



what striking, was a large, pleasant, prominent blue eye. An anecdote is handed down, which will help to perpetuate this fact, in regard to the human face divine, among us, as it will also a propensity to a sort of good-natured humor. A certain Dr. Payne, who was also a hunter, and always fond of a joke, and whose mother-wit was seasoned with a jolly stutter, was passing the door of my Uncle Ben, with an owl in his hand, steering homeward. "Ay, Doctor," said Uncle Ben, "you will have a fine dinner of it; what rare bird have you got there?" "I d-d-d-don't know," said the Doctor, "but he's got a t-t-t-Throop eye." With this pleasantry, however, they had at times a decided sternness, bordering occasionally upon obstinacy. An instance of this I recollect, in another good uncle. A favorite daughter of his, a young widow, and a fine woman, was addressed on the subject of matrimony, by one of the first clergymen in Connecticut, who was some fifteen years the elder, and who had already buried two wives. The father refused consent. The alliance was nevertheless consummated. But the good Doctor was never permitted to accompany his wife to the dwelling of his father-in-law.

One other sample of this trait, one generation further back. According to the fashion of the day, when, as now, it is said, a common-sized slip in the meeting-house would just conveniently seat three ladies, in full dress, my mother, when a girl, had equipped herself, as was the fashion of the day, with hoops, to ride, on a pillion, behind her father, two miles to meeting. They had not proceeded far on the way, when the old gentleman said mildly, but rather decidedly, to his daughter: "Bethia, what can that be, pounding my backbone, there?" "If you will just ride back, sir, I will make an alteration in my dress, so that I shall not incommode you." "Very well," he said, "I will do it, for I cannot ride so."

"You may lead a Throop, with a twine thread, anywhere," was an old saw in Lebanon, "but you can never drive one."

#### PHELPS.

Timothy Phelps, born in Windsor, Ct., was one of the first settlers of Northampton, 1655. Nathaniel, his son, married Grace Martin, a young woman recently from England, a woman of great resolution, and a little romantic withal. She has been highly praised by her descendants as having a strong character. She died, a widow, August 7th, 1727. Their children were Nathaniel,



Samuel, Lydia (married Mark Warner), Grace (married Samuel Marshall), Elizabeth (married John Wright), Timothy, Abigail (married John Langdon), Sarah (married David Burt). This last, Nathaniel, married Abigail Burnham of Connecticut, who died in 1724. He married again Catherine, daughter of John King of Northampton, and widow of Mr. Hickok of Durham. By the first wife he had Charles\*, Nathaniel, Anna (married Elias Lyman), Martin. By the second, Catherine (married Simon Parsons), Lydia (married Ebenezer Pomeroy), John (lived in Westfield), Mehitable (died young).

This third Nathaniel died October 14th, 1747. The widow married a third husband, Gideon Lyman.

The above Charles\*, son of the third Nathaniel, married Dorothy Root, daughter of Hezekiah Root, Northampton, April 24th, 1740. He removed to Hadley. His son Charles\* was born in Northampton. He had other children: sons, Solomon and Timothy; daughters, Dorothy (married Warner), Mary (married Cooley, afterwards Dickinson), Abigail (m. Williams of Wethersfield, Vt.). Charles\* married Elizabeth Porter. Their children were Charles Porter, still living in Hadley, and Elizabeth Whiting, who married Dan Huntington, the present writer.

#### PORTER.

The Porters have been a numerous family in Hadley, for more than a century and a half. They were among the first proprietors of the town, and have, from the beginning, shared largely in the honors and privileges of its inhabitants. They have furnished *wives* for a number of such men as Rev. Solomon Williams, Doctor Edwards, Doctor Emmons, Doctor Spring, Doctor Hopkins of Hadley, Doctor Austin of Worcester, and several others. Captain *Moses Porter*, already spoken of, the ancestor of my children, was the son of the second and the brother of the third Samuel Porter.

#### WHITING.

William Whiting, one of the first settlers of Hartford, was extensively engaged in trade, and died in 1649. John Whiting, one of the sons of William, graduated at Harvard College, 1653, and, at first, was minister of the old church in Hartford, with Mr. Haynes; and afterwards, the minister of the South Parish in Hartford. He died in 1689. His first wife was Sibyl Collins,

of Cambridge; his second wife was Phebe Gregson, from East Haven.

His children's names were Sibyl Bryan, William Whiting, Martha Bryan, Sarah Bull, Abigail Russel, Samuel Whiting, Elizabeth Whiting, Joseph Whiting, John Whiting. I believe the last children only were by Phebe Gregson. The *widow Phebe*, I suspect, married Rev. John Russell of Hadley, a year or two before his death. His previous wife died in 1688, and he died in 1692, and left a wife whose name was Phebe. She did not continue in Hadley, nor did any of Mr. Russell's children. He concealed and entertained one or both of the Regicides, Goffe and Whalley.

#### PITKIN.

William Pitkin, the father of the whole of the name in this country, a distinguished lawyer, settled in Hartford about 1665. He married Hannah Goodwin, and left four sons, Roger, William, Nathaniel, and Ozias. William, son of the above William, was Governor of the State of Connecticut, and had five sons, William, Judge of the Superior Court, Eliphalet, George, Timothy, and Ashbel. George was Clerk of Circuit Court; Rev. Timothy, settled at Farmington, was father of Honorable Timothy Pitkin.

The sister of the first-mentioned William married Simon Wolcott of Windsor, father of three Governors of that name. A daughter of George W. married a Griswold, from whom have sprung three Governors of the same name.

Report says the sister of the first William P., living in London, repeatedly solicited her brother to return to England. Not succeeding, she at length visited him. When about to return, a device was adopted to detain her if possible. Several respectable young men of Hartford and the neighboring towns were so much in love with the young lady, that they determined to seek the honor of her hand by the singular process of casting lots. The lot fell upon Mr. Simon Wolcott, the happy man above mentioned.

This widow Elizabeth died in Hadley, May 8th, 1753, in her 74th year. It was a daughter of hers that married *Moses Porter*, about 1746, of Hadley, who was killed at what was called *the morning scout*, between Bennington and Saratoga, in the old French war. The only child of Moses Porter and his wife was Elizabeth, who married Charles Phelps; their only daughter, *Elizabeth Whiting*, was the wife of D. Huntington, as before. There are now six Elizabeths in direct succession.

## VII.

### REMINISCENCES OF LEBANON.

"I AM COME UP TO THE SIDES OF LEBANON," "WHICH CARRIES ME BACK TO BYGONE DAYS."

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

Having given you the Genealogy of the Huntingtons, you probably would like to be informed something of the "rock whence they were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence they were digged," — at least a part of them. In quoting this passage, you are not to understand, for a moment, that I am speaking at random, or that I mean to speak at all to the disparagement either of the town or its inhabitants. There is not, probably, a finer inland farming territory in the same State, nor, so far as my youthful reminiscences extend, any place more distinguished by a moral and enlightened population, than the good old town of Lebanon, lying on the great road from New London to Hartford, through Norwich, Franklin, Columbia, Andover, and Bolton; about twenty miles from the Sound, and on the route of the first stage-coach ever driven in New England. The town street is the broadest I ever saw or heard of, three or four miles in length, with gentle elevations and depressions, north and south, sloping a little east and west, with neat door-yard fences, handsome domiciles and home-lots, on both sides, under good improvement for agriculture and horticulture, with beautiful streams at the bottom of the hill, right and left. And yet the same street, at the time I speak of, excepting a clearage here and there for a church, a school-house, or parade-ground, is deformed with immense craggy rocks, clay-pits, sluggish streams, and frog-ponds, and shapeless, tottering stone-walls, with crooks and angles innumerable every few rods, which rarely fail to attract the notice of the traveller unpleasantly.

Now, if our ancestors, under the full impression that nothing was made in vain, had gone to work in earnest, with a few barrels of powder, with their drills and crow-bars, and sledges and spades, with skilful hands to manage them, all these rocks in a short time might have been made to hide their heads in shame; quagmires might have been reduced to regular pools, with straight, square-faced, four-foot double walls, and Macadamized roads, on both sides of the street, the whole distance; and thus acres, nobody knows how many, redeemed from waste to a tasteful and well-husbanded common. Recently, this has been undertaken.

Formerly flocks of sheep, consisting of several hundreds, were pastured during the summer on the common, in different parts of the town. A shepherd, with his little dog and his crook, had the entire command of them during the day; and they, from one eminence to another, as far as they could hear his thundering voice, for nearly a mile, would obey orders; opening to the right and left, and wheeling instantly, like a well-ordered regiment. During the night they were folded on a fallow lot of plowed ground, to prepare it for a crop of wheat, or any other crop, the ensuing season. The privilege of thus folding his flock was sold, every now and then, to the highest bid; the avails were the shepherd's salary. From what he received from the husbandmen in this way he had a good living.

The produce of large and well-managed dairies has been, I believe, more the staple of Lebanon, for years, than any other. With thirty or forty cows, it has been a business yielding a sure and handsome profit to the landholder.

Thus independent, the people have been able to furnish a due proportion of educated, professional men, some of whom have been eminent. As far back as I can remember, there have been in the town four religious societies, each of which had its territorial parish limits, and each parish its pastor, — all men eminent in their day. In the old parish was Dr. Solomon Williams; Mr. Wells, I believe, was the first minister. In Goshen, three miles west, was Mr. Elliot, if not a son, a descendant, of the Apostle so called, and an ancestor of some of your number, one of whom, Walter Elliot Huntington, son of Theophilus P., bears up his name. In Exeter, three miles north of Goshen, was Mr. Gurley, whose son, a Chaplain in Congress, has distinguished himself as an active member of the Colonization Society. In Lebanon Crank, now Columbia, four or five miles northeast, Dr. Wheelock, President and the founder of Dartmouth



College. These gentlemen, and their successors to the present time, including those educated for the ministry in Lebanon, would amount to between thirty and forty; beginning at the south end of the town, five for the name of Huntington, one Metcalf, three Williamses, two Elys, two Robinsons, six Lymans, one Rockwell, two Stones, one Waterman, one Hinckley, two Gurleys, one Gillet, one Pineo, one Bartlett, two Brockways, one Fowler, one Caulkins, one Smalley, and one Dutton.

Among our distinguished civilians, we may mention the names of the three Trumbulls, the father, the son, and the grandson, Governors of the State; Hon. William Williams, who signed the Act of Independence; jurists and statesmen, Swift, Mason, Tisdale, Dutton, Metcalfs, Dewey, and Wattles; and among the rest, though last not least, Lebanon has had her poets, and painters, and teachers.

In the corner of two or three neighboring towns, there was formerly a constellation of worthies, somewhat remarkable. If you please, suppose a circle, the diameter of which is six miles, to cover an adjacent territory taken from the three towns of Norwich, Franklin, and Lebanon, or rather make the circle into an ellipse; the circumference might be found to include, if not the birthplace, the residence of several such men as the two Wheelocks, D. D., Azel Backus, D. D., and Eliphalet Nott, D. D., Presidents of Colleges; Charles Backus, D. D., and Joseph Lathrop, D. D., chosen Professors of Divinity, Yale College; and Mr. Kirkland, missionary to the Oneidas.

We will here stop a moment at the grave of Rev. James Fitch, whose name has been mentioned as the venerable pastor of the flock who came among the first settlers of Norwich, a colony from Saybrook, and who died in Lebanon, where he spent the latter part of a long life. As a model of a Right Reverend of the day, as well as a specimen of the good literature of our fathers, I here transcribe an inscription on his monument:—

“In hoc sepulchro, depositæ sunt reliquiæ viri, vere reverendi, D. Jacobi Fitch; natus fuit apud Bocking, in comitatu Essexiæ, in Anglia: anno Domini, 1622, Decem. 24: qui postquam linguis literatis optime instructus fuisset in Nov. Ang. venit, Ætate 16: et deinde, vitam degit, Hartfordiæ, per septennium, sub instructione virorum celeberrimorum, D. Hooker, et D. Stone. Postea, munere pastoralis functus est, apud Saybrook, per annos 14. Hinc, cum ecclesiæ majori parte Norvicum migravit: et ibi, ceteros vitæ



annos transegit, in opere evangelico. In senectute, vero præ corporis infirmitate, necessarie cessavit ab opere publico; tandemque, recessit liberis, apud Lebanon, ubi, semianno fere exacto, obdormivit in Jesu, anno 1702: Novemb. 18, Ætate 80.

“Vir, ingenii acumene, pondere judicii, prudentia, charitate, sanctis laboribus, et omni modo vitæ sanctitate, peretia quoque et vi concionandi, nulli secundus.”

Those of the name of Fitch in Windham, Lebanon, Canterbury, Preston, Norwich, Montville, &c., are his descendants. Those in the western part of Connecticut are descended from his brother Thomas, who settled in Norwalk. The venerable subject of the above inscription had nine sons and five daughters. A descendant of his, Simon, portrait-painter, married Wealthy Huntington, my sister. He was employed by a class in Yale College to take the portrait of President Dwight, in which he succeeded well in the main; but in finishing one of the hands, he could not suit himself; the more he worked upon it, the less was he satisfied, till, in a state of hopeless frenzy, he mounted his horse, and, without being blamed by any one, or mentioning his trouble to others, he set his face homeward. Coming to Durham woods, he heard some one trying his skill upon a tin trumpet. Supposing it was intended for him, he leaped a fence into the forest, where he wandered about till morning, and the next day made his way safely home, but could never be persuaded to finish the portrait, or meddle in any way with his palette and brush. It must have been a temporary derangement, the effect of a keen sensibility, peculiar to artistic genius.

Fitch and Trumbull, in their boyhood contemporaries at the Brick School, it was said were at that time nearly upon a par, as competitors in the occasional trials of their skill, in the opinion of good judges; and at times Trumbull was known to have the generosity to ascribe the palm to his rival. But by improving the superior advantages which he afterwards enjoyed, Trumbull rose to eminence not to be contested. The portrait was hung up, among others, in the College Library, and was thought well of. I remember once standing before it, in company with Dr. Dwight. He spoke of the defect in the hand as hardly worth noticing, and appeared to be otherwise satisfied with the performance.

There were others that distinguished themselves in Lebanon, both as artisans and artists. There were also poets among them. I have before me a Poem, entitled “The Present State of Literature,”

delivered at New Haven, at the public Commencement of Yale College, September 10th, 1800, by Warren Dutton (the motto, *Quid utile, quid non*), of which I am proud, as coming from an old playfellow.

An impromptu, from one whose gallantry in assisting a couple of ladies, who had trouble with their horse, had exposed him to some danger and dirt, ran thus :—

“ Indeed, ’t was neatly done  
For me t’ attempt to guide the chariot of the sun,  
And then to fall, like Phaeton.”

A lady, mourning the loss of her first-born, received from her sister in Lebanon the following lines :—

“ The little babe stepped into life,  
Saw nothing to approve ;  
As if disgusted, turned away,  
And fled to realms above.”

I have often thought of the variety of distinguished names, both from our own and our father-land, that, within my recollection, have somehow been congregated within my native town. Some of them I have mentioned. Beginning at the South, I will mention a few others, in the different groups, as we go northward, with such incidents and anecdotes as may occur, illustrative of localities and the state of society. A first group may include the Masons, the Fitches, the Watermans, the Lathrops, the Hydes, the Littles, the Throops, the Averys, the Paynes, the Sweets, the Mannings.

The Sweets have been eminent as native surgeons, known extensively from one generation to another. It is a common amusement for the boys of this family to lay pigs and fowls prostrate, by dislocating their bones, and then, by slipping into their places the joints, put them upon their legs again, apparently with the utmost ease.

Another group, as we advance northward, may consist of our own family, the Huntingtons, a Bacon, a Brewster, a Davenport, an Abel, the Metcalfs, our nearest neighbors. My grandfather, Deacon Samuel Huntington, is the oldest I remember among them. He retained great vigor to advanced life ; as did the wife of his youth, Hannah Metcalf. They had among their descendants ministers, ministers’ wives, the children of the latter, and their partners, between thirty and forty.

In the genealogical list I have said about all I intended to say of our own name. There is one of the sons of my grandfather, however, not to be overlooked. Though an uneducated, unpretending man, my Uncle Oliver was *sui generis*. In the humble sphere in which he moved, he would not be noticed for anything peculiar other than a cheerful readiness to every good work. It was known to a few that his thoughts were much upon the great concerns of an eventful day to his country ; some would say, upon subjects far beyond his grasp.

The time had come for the United States to form a Constitution of government. He had one in readiness, of his own framing, founded upon the Rock, "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice," and "They shall prosper that love thee," i. e. Zion, the Church. Let the suffrages of the people, for their rulers, be given for professors of religion, and all the interests of society are as safe as they can be in this imperfect state. This was the theory. Whether the good uncle lived to realize the boon to his satisfaction, is more than I can say. I used to transcribe his papers, but was too young to know much of their purport. If he did not accomplish the great object of his wishes, it was not because his papers were not submitted to individuals and public bodies of the first order.

Mr. Brewster,\* a neighbor of my father, was famous for puzzling college boys with knotty questions, when they were at home, during their vacations. His name was Comfort, but that keen black eye of his, kindled by a self-complacent smile of victory, was anything but *Comfort* to us, when he got a theorem or conundrum too hard for us.

The Metcalfs, another name in our group, were a stalwart race, of whom the neighbors used to tell an anecdote, illustrative of their intrepidity as well as their size. A wild animal had broken loose from the stall, and was pursued by his owners, at full speed, on horseback, who, meeting a man on foot, quite unmoved in his manner, asked him earnestly, if he had met a wild bull on the road. "A wild bull?" he replied; "no, I *met a calf*, a little back." They rushed on, and soon overtook the animal, in the hands of another man, who, holding him by his horns, had turned his face homeward.

They both earned a family name, *Metcalf* and *Turnbull*; the latter is generally written Trumbull. The two families, Met-

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\* A descendant of the Mayflower Puritan, Elder Brewster.

calf and Trumbull, have been within a mile of each other in Lebanon for more than a century. A hundred years ago, *Merchant Metcalf*, whose wife *was one of the sixty feet of daughters* of Rev. Timothy Edwards, East Windsor, was one of the nobility of the town. There were two "Merchant Princes," by the name of Little; William, of Boston, and Jonathan, of New York, whose mother was one of the Metcalfs, a century since Lebanon men. Within two years, I met with a branch of this family in Western New York, and heard of another in Montpelier, Vermont, and others in other places, all distinguished for *longevity* and *longitude*; for their symmetry and bearing; for their physiognomy and idiosyncrasy of character.

The origin of names brings to my mind an anecdote.

President Dwight and Judge Trumbull were fellow-Tutors in Yale College. Both, having ready wit at their command, sometimes amused themselves with trying it. They once hit upon their own names, as the subject. Dwight quoted to *Trumbull* the origin of his name, as above related. In return, Trumbull told Dwight that the word WIT was an abbreviation of *Wight*, and that the D was an abbreviation of *De*, *negative*, often standing before another word, denoting *destitution*, so that D-wight meant nothing more nor less than *want of wit*.

This takes me back again to my own name. Some of our friends in the group now before us would have it that we were too proud of our name; it was too long: and, to administer salutary pruning in pronouncing it as it ought to be, they would leave out one of the last syllables, some calling it *Hunton* and some *Hunting*. Shall I tell you how this disjointed trisyllable was so put together, as to hold hitherto tolerably well?

A young lady, addressed by one of the name not long before she expected to exchange hers for his, had put into her hands by Father Cleveland, one of our Home Missionaries, as if in her own language, the following stanza:—

"If *hunting* were now all the *ton*,  
I never would join in the chase;  
But *putting both words into one*,  
Be sure, it would alter the case."

What *the case* proved to be was made known soon after; and how far she approved the exchange was shown, asking pardon for this self-glorification about it, in the following acrostic:—



"H ave I a husband, then, whose generous mind  
 U nites the will and power to teach mankind, —  
 N ot slack to warn, nor willing to offend,  
 T o serve his God his highest aim and end?  
 I n such a friend I can and will rejoice,  
 N or fail to raise to heaven my thankful voice.  
 G rant me, kind Father, while I dwell below,  
 T his friend to guide me all my journey through!  
*O let us live as one, in tender love,*  
*N or be disjoined at last, but joined to Thee above!"*

If the authoress of the above is not a native of Lebanon, her husband is, and he will remember with gratitude on this, his eighty-fourth birthday, her kindness in so putting together the two words, as to restore the abused name to its pristine dignity.

We will now proceed to another group of names, in about the same latitude with the former, comprising the names of West, Pettes, Loomis, Bissel, Buel, Brown, Stone, Ripley, Elliot, Thomas, Palmer, Huntington; among whom were divines and civilians of the first order. Esquire West was, for many years, more the stated Representative of the town in the General Assembly of the State, I should think, than any other man, and his opinions, expressed with an originality and independence and piquancy peculiar to himself, were universally respected and remembered. Highly incensed by some resolution adopted by the Assembly which, with all his force, he had opposed in vain, he said that that body were "not fit to carry offal to a bear." Upon being called upon to make an acknowledgment for the indignity shown to the House, he readily confessed he was wrong; he had spoken hastily; he had said that the House were not fit to carry offal meat to a bear; he would take it back: they were just fit for it. The result I have forgotten.

We will move on to the centre of the town. The centre was then two or three miles only from the southern extremity, but four or five from the northern. It was the centre, not of the town, but the aristocracy, so denominated. It was quite a pleasant elevation, at the crossing of two great roads, east and west, north and south. The Broad Street was very much cleared of rocks, and the rough places were made smooth, for one or two hundred rods. Here stood the meeting-house, the largest I ever saw, filled every Sabbath to overflowing; with a porch at each end, the one at the east surrounded by a pavement, sufficiently elevated on three sides for a horse-block,



very convenient for the multitude that rode on pillions, the day for carriages not having yet arrived. It was a sight worth seeing, at the close of the services, such an assembly mounted in pairs, moving off the green in battalions in different directions homewards, with half as many colts, perhaps, following and neighing for their dams, and the dams answering in loftier tones. Among them, pre-eminent, I remember, usually to be seen riding to the east, was a very large man, Mr. Sprague, well dressed and well mounted, on a stately sorrel horse, white mane and tail very long. General Washington himself could hardly have been more conspicuous, at the head of his army. Assembling from the different parts of the town, it was pleasant, when the weather was favorable, for fellow-worshippers to meet at an early hour, to have a friendly greeting, in front of the church, thus to enjoy a season, before the commencement of the services, for the interchange of thoughts suitable to the occasion, upon the events of the day. Thus the Sabbath was to them a *high day*, the good influences of which were felt through the week.

The publishment for marriage in old times was announced at the close of the afternoon services by the town clerk, with an OYES! twice repeated, at the top of a stentorian vociferation, "Oyes! Oyes!" which attracted close attention, and seemed to say to all concerned, Remember *the Law* as well as *the Gospel*. All this might be very excusable, if he would altogether omit an offensive yawning with a *hi ho hum*, in which he often indulged toward the close of the sermon, especially if it were a long one, hereby intending to hint to the speaker, that the time had arrived for him to come to a close. In the gallery, the wall-pew in front of the pulpit, which was very large, was reserved for newly married couples, and strangers, who, coming in, generally, after the assembly was seated, and with considerable ceremony and thumping in their steps, attracted great attention. In other parts of the gallery, males and females had their appropriate seats. In this, the *high pew*, they sat down together, in full dress, without distinction of sex. For years, I suppose they enjoyed, as a religious society of fellow-worshippers, unusual harmony and happiness. It was a good, however, not to be enjoyed without interruption. Independence was declared in the country, and with it the spirit of liberty and *centrality* began to develop, in the different departments of life. The members of the Old Parish at the north had to travel twice as far to the place

of worship as those at the south. They were dissatisfied and remonstrated, but in vain.

At a time appointed, a sufficient number were on the ground, with their implements of destruction, and the good old sanctuary, the *sanctum sanctorum* of hundreds, if not of thousands, was demolished in a day. Another, of brick, soon went up in its place; another of wood, a mile above it; another, a mile farther north. There they stand to the present day; three meeting-houses, and three denominations, within the sound of each other's bells, and whether with the increase or the lack of Christian brotherhood will be better known at another day. It may be an event yet to be realized, that "the glory of the latter house shall be greater than that of the former"; though some years after, happening to be there on the Sabbath with my wife, and being invited by the committee of the Society, in the absence of their pastor, to take the pulpit, an event occurred that led me in some measure to doubt it. My wife and I were met, a few rods from the door of the church, by an old acquaintance, who asked me, "Are you going to preach to-day, Mr. Huntington?" I replied, I had come there for that purpose. He replied, he could not hear me, and gave as a reason, that he and I did not worship the same God; referring to a change of opinion in the preacher on the doctrine of the Trinity. I waited, in a pew, till the assembly were generally seated, and then told the assembly why I had not taken the desk. It brought on a few remarks both *pro* and *con*. Reverend John Robinson, then a dismissed minister, and an inhabitant of the town and a member of the Society, said: "Mr. Huntington, I hope you will pay no attention to what is said by this old Jones (the man who stopped me at the door); he does not belong here, but, knowing that you were to be here, came all the way over from Exeter, on foot, on purpose to make this mischief."

Finding the debate too warm for our edification, my wife and I left the house, and were followed by a respectable portion of the congregation. They wished me to take the lead in worship, in the brick school-house hard by; which, not having come there to set up altar against altar, I declined. I afterwards received a letter containing a vote of the parish, an apology for the treatment I encountered.

But by the Vandalism shown, in the demolition of that venerable temple, the glory seemed gradually departing. That old

saying, mentioned of Lebanon children, probably fabulous, who, as you met them in the street, if asked, "Who made you?" replied, "Governor Trumbull," and who, if asked, "Who redeemed you?" as readily replied, "Doctor Williams," — was gradually growing out of date, and a good many better things with it.

There was no lack of stumbling-blocks, as there was found occasion for the halting of a frail brother or sister. There was an instance, "in high life," of a match instead of avowed marriage, which was much a matter of speculation among us, and which, for a long time, had no very satisfactory explanation, if it ever had.

In another odd movement of church discipline, what the offence was I am not able to say. There was a person denied communion at the Lord's table, who brought the elements of the Supper with him, and during the communion partook by himself. This he did habitually, for some time. In such a state of society, what could be the benefit of ordinances? A Diotrephe, that loveth to have the pre-eminence *in the church*, and the demagogue *out of it*, are apt to be the foremost among mischief-makers. For a time there were frequent occurrences of this kind, that showed the importance of able counsellors, and good examples, not now to be found, as formerly. Their loss was sensibly felt. Still there were those coming forward to fill the places their fathers had left, that have continued to sustain in this, among others of our country towns, a high degree of respectability.

The name of Bacon occurs, and reminds me of a classmate at Yale, who has been eminent in public life, as a jurist and member of Congress; who, on other occasions, as orator and poet, has stood among the foremost, and whom, within a year, I have seen, at his home in Utica, by the side of one of the loveliest of her sex; whom I had seen, not far from sixty years ago, with her hand in his as the wife of his youth, and for whom I then had the honor to administer the nuptial vow. And this brings to my mind another classmate and chum, a Lebanon man by descent, and grandson to the Right Reverend Solomon Williams, D. D., who baptized me. There was another in the group. The name was not as illustrious as some of the others; the title attached to it was more so. Lebanon not only had her three Governors, five or six doctors of divinity, judges, and the like; she had her *King Palmer*, as well known by his title and his person, and his character, as most men. As far back as I can recollect, he was far advanced in life; seldom seen from home;

stately in his appearance ; staid and precise in his demeanor ; said but little, but what he did say was law. His son John, a bachelor, I know more about. He had great literary pride, which showed itself in definitions. He made the dictionary his great study. He had a small one of his own, which he carried in his pocket, always to be appealed to in any emergency. A neighbor had *Old Bailey*, which in difficult cases he consulted as his oracle. Thus fortified, he prided himself in telling the boys, if they *had hard words*, to bring them to him. It became fine fun for the rogues, thus to tease "Uncle John." One came in early in the morning when Uncle John was making his fire, asking him *what he should do*. "Why, what's the matter?" "O, I have had such an *Incubus* all night, I could not sleep a wink." Telling his neighbor about it, afterwards, Uncle John said, "I made him no answer. I kept on making my fire. He had it over again, and asked me if I ever had that complaint. I said nothing. 'Well,' said he, 'I am going to such a place, and on my return I will call, and you must tell me what to do.' As soon as he was out of the door," said Uncle John, "I struck for *Old Bailey*, — the great dictionary owned by a neighbor, — across lots, and before the boy returned, I got home, and as quick as he came in, I told him, 'I suppose you thought I did not understand what *Incubus* meant ; it is the *Nightmare* ; I have had it myself, and if you don't want to have it again, you must take good care and eat light suppers.'"

"Uncle John" had sustained his character for dictionary infallibility, and had turned it all, as he thought, to good account, by adding a little good advice.

Cæsar, the colored man, comes next in our review, and was about as notable for his attainments, in his line, as Uncle John in his. He was fond of figures of speech, and illustrations of his own. In company with those that understood his humor, he had occasion to quote the quaint old saw, "You cannot eat your cake and have your cake." He succeeded very well in the former clause, but in attempting the latter, his assurance failed him, as it had been wont to do in other instances, much to the sport of roguish bystanders. He had got as far as "Do you think a man can eat his cake," and could go no further, hesitated a moment, and with an emphatic look bawled out, at the top of his voice, "The Devil. Do you think a man can eat his cake and his cheese too?"

Cæsar was fond of music, and naturally a good fiddler. Meeting



him on the road, Doctor Williams said to him, "Cæsar, I am told you play your fiddle on the Sabbath: is it so?" "Yes, master," he replied, "I do play a little, now and then, just for my own conversion!"

Giving the Devil his due,  
Uncle John and Cæsar too,  
We go on with our review.

There are other notable names in the group before me, not to be commented upon, however, according to their merits: first, the names of Alden, Blackman, Baldwin, Bushnell, Babcock, Buckingham, Bennet, Backus, Champion, Chapel, and others. Mr. Chapel was *an original*.

"Fortune," he said to his negro man, who was a counterpart to his master, speaking very moderately, and accenting every syllable, — "Fortune, you dog, I have got a tusk here that aches confoundedly, and you have got to help me pull it out, without those iron pincers. Here. This cord, tied round my tooth, I'm going to hook on to that spike yonder, driven into that beam over my head. And now, Fortune, you dog, when I've got it fixed, do you take a coal of fire with these tongs, and hold it close to my nose, and when it begins to burn, I shall tell you to take it away; *don't you mind me*, you dog; but be quick about it, and shove the coal right up to my nose, and I'll risk it." As the story is told, the experiment succeeded.

"Uncle Josh," as he was called, was a strongly marked character of the day, in similar singular enterprises. But I must go on with the catalogue. Captain Leech I well remember, a large, well-proportioned personage, with a frank, expressive countenance, attractive in his manner; social in his address; his voice full and silver-toned; prominent and eloquent in company; with a number of his neighbors, all working together on the highway. I once saw a letter of his. The chirography was beautiful; the orthography, of a more questionable character. It was notorious for unnecessary letters. Some one rallied him for poor spelling: "Why, what was the matter with it?" The answer was, "It had abundance of letters." "Well," he said, "that was just as he meant to have it. The alphabet was free to everybody, and he meant to put in enough letters, for every word, to make out the sound he wished; and if others did not like his arrangement, they might suit themselves."

In the medical profession, I would mention the names of Thomas



Coleman, Pierce Dutton, and the two Clarks, all good names of men, to whose fidelity and skill, for many years, we felt indebted for health and happiness. "Grace Greenwood," I suppose, was a native of Lebanon; if not, her father, Dr. Thaddeus Clark, was; and was there till middle-aged, and surrounded by a family, of which Sarah, alias *Grace Greenwood*, might have been one. Dr. John Clark, her grandfather, one of the higher rank in the group now before me, and my father, were cousins; of course "Grace" and my children are third-cousins. The tie is strengthened by the fact, that her grandmother, the wife of the above Dr. John, was a Huntington, from Windham, whose mother was sister to Merchant Metcalf's wife, one of the *sixty feet of daughters* (Edwards), "royal blood" again, and on both sides of the house.

And from this it is natural to turn to another family of Lebanon aristocracy, that of the Robinsons. A sister of the head of this family was wife of the elder Governor Trumbull; the other was wife of Mr. Elliot, the first minister of Goshen. Mr. Robinson died when I was young. My mother brought up one of his slaves, Tamar. I remember Mr. Robinson's gray head and venerable appearance, in the corner of the pew of the old church, at the right hand of the front door; in prayer-time he always stood with the cushion under his elbows. The elder of his two sons, William, was minister of Southington, Conn. He was a favorite in the desk. His outward man every way calculated to attract attention, his sermons delivered *memoriter*, with great simplicity of manner, his eyes and cheeks suffused with tears of tenderness and love, his voice and manner in keeping with everything persuasive, — what he said could not fail to commend itself to every man's conscience. Out of the pulpit, without letting himself down, as to a truly religious character, he showed a readiness and comprehension of mind on common subjects, that made his opinions uncommonly valuable. With the natural gifts of a discerning financier, he became rich upon a moderate salary, and, by those who knew him well, was highly respected and loved, both as a man and a minister. He has a son, a distinguished scholar, traveller, and professor, in New York.

I have, till lately, supposed the Robinsons of Lebanon were descendants of John Robinson of Leyden, the pastor of the Pilgrims. From thorough inquiry of late, I am persuaded I have been mistaken, and must give it up. They are nearly related;

probably the descendants of a brother. The sermon of Dr. Lamson, of Dedham, Mass., on the subject, is well worth reading.

I go on, now, to the northern extremities of the town, bounded north and west by the bold heights of the Wonnegunset ; by Obwibicot, east ; leaving the Crank, now called Columbia, entirely out of view in what I write, from the want of a more thorough acquaintance, writing, as I do, principally from the reminiscences of a youth under the age of twenty. It was at this period of my life, that the institution already mentioned, under the auspices of the Wheelocks, at Columbia, was removed to Hanover, N. H.

On the southern slopes of these heights, from the Willimantic, westward for miles, lie ample, well-cultivated farms, of every variety as to surface and tillage, and well husbanded by their independent owners, well defended with stone-walls, and intersected with convenient roads. The inhabitants were principally in three neighborhoods. They had among them the goodly names of Swift, Tilden, Tiffany, Caulkins, Martin, Newcomb, Baldwin, some of whom led off their colonies to distant and flourishing settlements. One, by the name of Cushman, a professional character, and *a seventh son*, *Polycarpus*, went, a pedestrian, with his saddle-bags well stuffed with *Materia Medica* swung over his shoulders, and settled down at Bernardston, Mass., and has given to the Commonwealth a Lieutenant-Governor ; with a neighbor at his side, from the same place, who has given to the same several of its jurists and justices, Newcomb by name.

On "Kick Hill" Lawyer Tisdale and his family were prominent ; and from the oldest to the youngest were eminently attractive. Genius seemed to be generally diffused in them with appropriate benignity and dignity. Farmers, in those days, generally had a trade in connection with a farm. The lawyer's father was, by trade, a tanner, and the two families lived harmoniously together. The lawyer had his share of public business, and was often competitor with Colonel Williams for a seat in the legislature, which then fell to the lot of but a very few.

Captain Vaughn was more than six feet high, and every way well proportioned. His teeth were like marble, and those in front (however it might have been with the others) were all double, beautifully sound and symmetrical. It was currently reported of him, that, taking a hogshead by the bung between his teeth, he could throw it back over his head. *Credat Apella*. He was a ready

wit wherever he was, and was sure of having the attention of those around him. In removing his family on runners, too late in the winter for good sledding, to a place at some distance, it was more like him, learning from those he met that there was snow in plenty ahead, to offer half a dollar per bushel to cover the bare ground around him, and take courage, in good spirits, than to stop and turn about, without making the trial.

Being now in a part of the town remote from my own neighborhood, I recollect nothing worthy of particular attention, or if otherwise, there is nothing better than the good old rule, *De mortuis, nihil nisi bonum*.

It seems to me a singular fact, from the uncommon number of ancient worthies of the town, that there are so few of their names remaining in the place of their former residence.

In the right enjoyment of the resources vouchsafed to them by Providence, may those following on, in co-operation with those who have gone before, in the way of well-doing, erect an example that shall be for a name and a praise in all succeeding time.

And now, commending you to Him who is able to keep you, and to present us all, with the beloved and blessed ones who have gone before, "in his presence with exceeding joy," I am, my dear children, most affectionately yours,

DAN HUNTINGTON.

THE END.

















